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CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
NOTES OF THE WEEK	637	MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES :		CORRESPONDENCE (<i>continued</i>) :	
LEADING ARTICLES :		Artists and the Public. By Laurence		The Humanities of Golf. By H. W.	
Mr. Redmond's Throw	640	Binyon	648	Aitken	652
The Austrian General Election	641	Reading Plays Aloud. By Max		Sir Richard Burton and John Payne.	
Personalities in Politics	642	Beerbohm	649	By Richard C. Jackson and H. M.	
Guardians and Corruption	643	Linnæus	650	Shairani	652
THE CITY	644	Chess	651	REVIEWS :	
INSURANCE :		VERSE :		Old and Young China	654
Some Principles of Fire Insurance	645	Severn Sands. By Miss M. Goldring.	648	The Wood Note Wild	654
SPECIAL ARTICLES :		CORRESPONDENCE :		The Road to Crime	655
French Finance—II.	645	Czech Nationality. By Count Lützow	651	Naval Warfare and History	656
The Irish Problem—III. :		The Irish Council and Sinn Fein	651	Another Richard III.	657
Derivation. By "Pat"	646	The Liberals and the Empire	652	NOVELS	657
		The Pardon of Mr. Edalji. By B. R.		NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS	658
		Thornton	652		

We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications: and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

"Mr. Healy has killed the Bill." Nothing so harsh towards Mr. Redmond—figurehead to-day of the Irish people, if leader yesterday—has for a long while been spoken by any responsible Unionist. But it is what the Liberals announced on the day following the meeting of the National Convention in Dublin: the "Westminster Gazette" put it baldly thus. We do not wonder that, smarting at what must be called the desertion of Liberalism by Mr. Redmond, the Liberals should speak in this way. But it is very bitter. For consider what "Mr. Healy killed the Bill" implies. It can only mean that Mr. Redmond, having worked agreeably with the Liberals over the preparation of the Bill, and on first reading as nearly blessed as banned it, goes to Ireland, caves in forthwith to Mr. Healy, and flings over Mr. Birrell and the Government. That this, however, is roughly what has occurred we suppose there is no doubt.

The affair once more illustrates how impracticable it is for a leader of a thorough Home Rule or Separation party to play the part of moderate in his dealings with an English political party. Mr. Redmond is not likely to succeed where Butt failed. We may pity him, for it is clear—it always has been clear—that he is not fashioned for the part which Parnell played or the part which Mr. Healy is gnawing himself to play. Mr. Redmond is too "respectable". He is a mellifluous gentleman, his gifts are the handsome gifts of statesmanship and speech. He is a born parliamentarian too, the very figure for a full-dress debate. And yet, though he may present a somewhat crestfallen appearance at the moment, we should most of us be sincerely sorry to see him lose the leadership. He is a stately figure, and an Irish patriot. Besides, from a Unionist point of view it might not be really a good day which overthrew Mr. Redmond that Mr. Healy might reign in his stead.

And the Liberals and Mr. Birrell! "We have all just returned from the country, and we have had hardly time to consider these questions", said the Prime Minister ingenuously when Sir Frederick Banbury basely asked him on Thursday in the House on what day the second reading of the Irish Council Bill would be taken. In the country indeed they have been, and in a wood. The famous "Ten Minutes" Reform Bill which Sir John Pakington in a fatuous moment made public, was not a more comical affair than this has grown to be. How they have come to make such an amazing bungle, no outsider can at present understand. Surely Mr. Birrell tried to get some vague notion of what the Irish would or would not accept? Yet here is the fact that he put together a Bill which was wholly unacceptable. We had thought of him as drawing his Bill in Phoenix Park. But it looks more as if he had been at his old haunts in Battersea.

On 6 and 7 June at Plymouth the National Liberal Federation will in session solemnly discuss the party programme. The annual report has just been printed in advance of the meeting. By what unhappy chance was it published at this, of all moments? Is there some traitor in the camp who has planned to make the Federation a laughing-stock? On Tuesday the Irishmen killed the Irish Bill, and in Thursday's papers appears a summary of the National Liberal Federation's report, containing an earnest appeal that this Bill shall be considered on its merits. We would like to feel the bumps of the officials who produced this thing at this moment. The Liberal Federation might as well sit down to consider the merits of Queen Anne and whether she is fit to reign over England. The reference to the Conference, too, is deliciously ill-timed. The Federation remarks: "It has been with great pleasure that Liberals have seen the Fourth Colonial Conference assemble for the first time under the auspices of a Liberal Government." And the day before, Mr. Churchill, on behalf of that Government, gave the colonial Premiers his parting kick for their breaking of the laws of hospitality!

Mr. Churchill is very cross because he was not able to smother the colonial Premiers outside the Conference room. His little lecture at Edinburgh on the respective duties of host and guest was the one thing needful to prove to the world that the imperial Government and the

colonial Premiers really had nothing in common. While Sir Wilfrid Laurier alone is satisfied, Sir William Lyne says that the only person the Under-Secretary sympathised with was General Botha. Mr. Churchill is fearful of the effect which the disappointment of men like Mr. Deakin, Sir Joseph Ward and Dr. Jameson will have on the electorate, and denounces "the machine-made linotype calumny" which dares to suggest that the Government have banged the door in the face of the colonies. What they have done, he says, is to bang, bolt, bar and lock a door of stout British oak against the vicious principle of preferential taxation. The door happily, as Sir Lewis McIver says, is not of British oak at all, but of deal and was made abroad. Where is the document forwarded to the Colonial Office by Sir Robert Bond regarding the Newfoundland incident?

Mr. Finch, Father of the House of Commons, died on Wednesday morning. He is succeeded by the Prime Minister! Mr. Finch, like Mr. W. W. Bramston Beach and one or two others who before held this office of tradition, was an almost silent member of Parliament. The Fathers of the House of Commons are so much less talkative than their sons, some of whom really seem to regard every day on which they have not spoken as a lost day. We remember Lord Salisbury once saying—in reference to a journalist's remark to him that Lord Hugh Cecil was making many speeches—"It does not matter how many speeches a man makes provided they are good ones". That is so, doubtless. Unfortunately the "Much-talkers" of Parliament rarely, if ever, keep up to a high standard of sense and eloquence.

There is naturally a good deal of "vacant chaff well meant for grain" flying about on Empire Day, which appeals to the light-headed. Indeed it is too often true that such fervours—soon begun and soon done—of nationality come from the light-headed more than from the deep-hearted. But we believe that good work may really be done among the school children, especially in the elementary schools, by such a festivity as this. In the colonies its success is beyond doubt. At home the movement is getting on; and will do so, despite the Progressives, in the London schools.

South African difficulties must be augmented by the spread of the Rand strike, which is said now to have become general, though its gravity might easily be exaggerated. The immediate cause of the trouble is difficult to determine. Chinese labour, native labour, the introduction of non-union men, the supersession of British by Dutch workers, political intrigue, the efforts of the mineowners to displace the skilled worker—various correspondents give various explanations all more or less coloured by racial and political prejudices. Whatever the explanation, the fact is sufficiently serious not only for South Africa but for the world at large, whose business would be materially affected by any stoppage of Transvaal gold supplies. So many men are wanting work on the Rand that a long struggle is not anticipated. As, however, the powers that be confidently predicted that the trouble would not spread, their optimism is not very comforting.

The news from India is so far satisfactory that the activity of the Government, however limited in area, seems to have checked the work of sedition and encouraged the loyal sections—which are the mass of the people. It is particularly assuring to see the great Sikh community, through its recognised leaders and from its sacred centre at Amritsar, denouncing the work of agitation in the Panjab, and declaring its unimpaired allegiance to the British Rāj. The condition of Eastern Bengal remains unsettled, but the disturbances there take the shape of conflicts between the Hindu and Musalman factions. The strings are pulled from Calcutta, and if they are cut the agitation will end. A stroke of the pen is needed. In any case Eastern Bengal is not a factor of great political importance. The sudden departure of Sir D. Ibbetson, the Lieutenant-Governor of the Panjab, has led to an expression of regret from what is described as "a great

Rajput meeting" at Patiala, which is the leading Sikh State.

There are of course the usual rumours and strange stories. A native regiment has been disbanded at Ambala for disaffection. It may be assumed that the uniform of that regiment is buckram. This story comes from the same source as the alleged disaffection at Lyallpur. Then there is wild excitement because of a story that Government emissaries have been poisoning the wells and ascribing the consequent deaths to plague. These are the usual accompaniments of every epidemic, just as the construction of a great bridge spreads a panic because the authorities are said to require a certain number of human heads to place under the foundations to appease the river gods. Vaccination when it first began was ascribed to a deep design to detect and destroy a coming incarnation in whose veins ran milk instead of blood. Sensible administrators may be trusted to place the right value on these familiar tales. Another editor or two has gone to prison. But these spasmodic efforts will not replace the steady policy of prevention which must be based on a right control of the organs of disaffection.

The arrangement that upon Sir John French vacating his command at Aldershot he is to be succeeded by Major-General Smith-Dorrien from India is a relief to many earnest and hard-working officers. It is no secret that the present second member of the Army Council was most anxious to obtain the Aldershot command, and at one time grave fears were entertained throughout the army that such an untoward appointment might be made. It is of course argued by some that General Douglas is a very hard worker and is "most industrious", but such a recommendation, although doubtless commendable in every walk of life (as is well evidenced by the French term "*Chevalier d'Industrie*"), by no means can be taken as summing up the qualifications required of the trainer of our first line of troops at Aldershot. For this post we want a well-read and educated soldier with some experience of command in war, and one who inspires confidence in his men. General Douglas' war record is negative and his connexion with Aldershot synchronises with a period when but little confidence was placed in the Staff there by those whom they had to train.

Under the same arrangement Sir John French will succeed the Duke of Connaught as Inspector-General to the Forces, upon the Duke taking up his command in the Mediterranean, whilst the present first member of the Army Council is to succeed Lord Grenfell in the Irish command. It is with sincere regret that we are compelled to admit that General Lyttelton has by no means achieved the success which was predicted for him as a member of the Council. His is a not uncommon case. He has failed to live up to the reputation of success won by good luck in earlier days. General Lyttelton throughout his life has had dame Fortune on his side. For at the crucial points of his career, when a battalion and subsequently a brigade and divisional commander, he always had the best and ablest support, and thereby, to a very great extent, acquired the reputation he achieved.

M. Stolypin's statement as to a conspiracy of Social Revolutionaries against the life of the Tsar has been the most significant event bearing on the fortunes of the Douma. The plot itself is not recent; it began in February. The Right brought forward their motion with the intention of evoking a demonstration, which it was expected would be embarrassing and probably commit the Douma to some action which would embroil it with the Government. The project was not unwelcome to the extremists of the Left either, who with different motives from the Right have so far much the same object. The Constitutional Democrats, however, rose to a critical occasion and promptly and wisely moved a resolution, which was carried enthusiastically, expressing the liveliest joy at the escape of the Tsar and indignation at the criminal plot.

This seems the greatest step in the development of the Constitutional Democrats into a Centre party, ensuring the stability of the Douma by regular co-operation with the Government. M. Stolypin introduced his agrarian scheme. The Government is to have power to purchase all land coming into the market for resale to the peasantry; and the difference between the purchase and the resale price will be paid out of taxation. To this is to be added the Crown and State lands. The money for purchase is to be borrowed by the peasants through the State Land Bank.

A crisis in the French wine trade, brought about apparently by a change in the drinking habits of the people, is met by the introduction of a Bill to penalise adulteration. The sufferers clamour for Government intervention, there have been excited demonstrations and some rioting at Béziers and Perpignan, and M. Clémenceau and his colleagues have called out the troops on the one hand and taken legislative action on the other. If the improvement in French beer of late years is the main cause of the stagnation in the wine trade, then it is to be feared that the purification of wines will be very much like closing the stable door after the steed has bolted. Cheap French wines have always been notorious for adulteration, and improvement in quality will almost certainly mean an increase in price. Their chance of resuming their hold on the French people would therefore appear to be slender. All that the new law can hope to do is to afford a modicum of guarantee to those who drink cheap wines, including the tripper in Paris, that the drink is innocent.

Charles Kingsley once declared that those who drank beer thought beer. The teetotaler may put his own construction on this, and will probably say that the thoughts would always be more or less thick and muddy. Yet we believe Kingsley meant to be kind to beer by this enigmatic saying. Lord Burton has just come out with a bit of downright praise for beer. He says that the English would not be the race they are to-day were it not for malt and hops. England's greatness has been attributed to so many things, to roast beef, for instance, and to cricket and football and to field sports and to free trade. We believe however that, provided the beer is good and not drunk by the gallon at a sitting, Mr. Gladstone's "most delicious beverage" is a man-making thing. But the point is that to-day there is a great and growing class of English people who simply dare not touch it. Why do not Lord Burton and the leading spirits in brewery enterprise devise some means of peptonising their beer, as has been done with other important articles of diet?

The report of the Committee to enquire into the effect of an eight hours' day in coal mines does not make the subject less controversial. Whether there would be a permanent reduction of output or not the Committee will not venture to say: but it would not be in exact proportion with the reduction of hours. What they see no means of disputing is that whether introduced suddenly, or gradually by annual reductions of half-an-hour, there would be a temporary contraction of output and a consequent period of embarrassment and loss to the country at large. This might be mitigated by the intelligence and co-operation of employers and men to reduce it to a minimum in the interest alike of the public and the coal industry. The report also states that it would not be possible to apply the eight hours' limit to all parts of the country nor to all classes of mine employés; and that powers would have to be reserved to Government, as has been done in other countries where the hours are restricted, to lay down certain permanent or temporary exceptions.

Most people were under the impression from Mr. Haldane's speech on the Woolwich dismissals that the arrangement for five days a week's work would put a stop to them. The mistake is evident in view of the great demonstration of Woolwich workmen which was held in Trafalgar Square last Saturday: and public sympathy with them was clear. The King's reply to a petition with over twelve thousand signatures was read expressing his confident belief that no man will be dis-

charged whose labour at the Arsenal can be profitably utilised, and that everything will be done to mitigate the hardship which such discharges have proved to be inevitable. But these are precisely the principles which the meeting charged the Government with not acting on. Its resolution declared that by the discharge of over ten thousand men the Arsenal has been reduced below its normal peace strength. That Woolwich Arsenal ought not to be treated as a private business, where men are cast adrift when work is slack, is becoming clear, but the Government has done nothing to realise this idea. The meeting urged that the plant and workshops should be utilised for work required by all the Government Departments.

Some years ago Mr. Chamberlain, addressing one of the great friendly societies, argued the question of old-age pensions on the assumption that friendly societies generally were hostile to the proposal. We gather from the reports of the annual conferences which have been held this Whitsuntide that a change is coming over these societies on the subject. Their reports contain striking testimony to the wealth of these great agencies of self-support amongst the working and lower middle classes, but their prosperity does not appear to be increasing so markedly as it has done in the past. It does not warrant them in hoping that they will be able to establish old-age pensions for their members without assistance from the State, and they are turning their attention in this direction. They would probably support a scheme which took as its basis membership of a friendly society; but hardly one from which, as Sir Edward Sassoon said to the Conference of the Manchester Unity of Oddfellows, the personal contributory element was conspicuously absent.

If it is true that they are more favourably inclined to the principle of State-aided pensions, they are cynical as to the preparations for which the Government take credit. Thus the Grand Master of one society said: "The Government recently had an opportunity to encourage the cream of the working classes, but members of friendly societies still had to live on promises." So, too, the Grand Master of the Manchester Oddfellows said: "The hint at the establishment of old-age pensions was a sop to those who for years had been clamouring for it, while their 'prentice hands had never yet prepared any solution for what would be a great boon for all, especially the thrifty of the lower and middle classes of the nation, from which the bulk of friendly society members were drawn." There is some vagueness about their dissatisfaction, but the important thing is that these societies, with their millions of members, will some day find out what they do want, and some Government, Liberal or Conservative, will feel the effect of it.

Mr. Gladstone's management of the Edalji case has put him in as illogical and absurd a position as his action in the Rayner case. His refusal of a public inquiry was the beginning of his mistake, and his advisory committee has not helped him to repair it. Mr. Edalji is to have a free pardon, but is to receive no compensation. The reason given for this is that though his guilt was not proved he wrote some letters claiming acquaintance with the cattle maimings "in an impish and mischievous spirit", and to those letters are to be ascribed his conviction. As a fact these letters were not before the jury at the trial. If a public inquiry had been held, or a hearing by a Court of Appeal, they would have been investigated, but they do not appear to have been, and Mr. Edalji's case is that he can prove they were not written by him. Moreover the report censures the police for assuming Mr. Edalji's guilt, and seeking for facts to strengthen their preconceptions instead of deducing guilt from the facts. In short it shows that Mr. Edalji has been unfairly dealt with, but, by drawing a shadowy distinction between his innocence and his guilt not having been proved, an excuse is made for rejecting his claim for compensation. The Home Office under Mr. Gladstone cares more for covering up its own shortcomings than for justice.

There is a report that the Government are thinking of appointing two additional judges. We did not credit it until we remembered Mr. Birrell, but then we thought it had the ring of truth. If we were in his situation, we should certainly insist on the thing being done at once and on our having one of the vacancies. The best thing Mr. Birrell can do now is to get himself shelved comfortably. In politics he may say with Burns—

"But oh! I backward cast my e'e
On prospects drear
An' forward, tho' I canna see,
I guess and fear."

There is a providence in these judgeships; and it would encourage faith if Lord Coleridge, as is rumoured, were to have one of them. He has been disappointed once. There would be no risk in prophesying that both Lord Coleridge and Mr. Birrell would be as distinguished on the Bench as they have been in Parliament.

Lord Young, who was a Lord of Session in Scotland until 1905, when he was eighty-six, always seemed out of his element in the formal surroundings of the Scottish Courts. The English rush and hurry and comparatively slap-dash forensics would have suited him better. As an advocate he would have done well at the English Bar, and it is rather surprising that he did not try his fortunes here, as some other famous Scotsmen have done. Probably he was doing too well in Scotland before he thought of it. He was a Bencher of the Middle Temple, and the Temple was a favourite resort for him when the Scottish Courts were not sitting. So that the unconventional old man in the soft hat and with thick stick walking sturdily was a familiar figure there as well as in the picture that was painted when the King was a Bencher of the Middle Temple. Lord Young and Lord Brampton had many points in common, especially in the sardonic flavour of their wit. But he was not the author of the old witticism as to the three classes of liars, any more than he was of the original eighteenth-century model for it: "There are three kinds of fools: fools, damned fools, and members of Boodle's."

Sir Benjamin Baker was one of those great engineers whose exploits attract the popular imagination. To overcome the obstacles which nature imposes on intercourse between nations or by which she restrains their energies has always invested the man whose genius accomplishes it with something of the glamour of the conqueror. Such engineering as the Forth Bridge belongs to this class of triumphs. The dam across the Nile at Assuan is not so imposing, perhaps because its greatness requires more subtle appreciation. But both have the great air of originality about them which it is only given to few men to impress upon the works of their brains and hands. His special capacity marked all the other engineering feats with which his name was associated; but these will remain the distinctive monuments to his memory.

A good many readers of the SATURDAY REVIEW may look for a memory of Mr. Edward Grose Hodge, who was buried at Highgate on Tuesday. The main outlines of his life have been given in the daily press; but the finer lights and shades of character, the little sayings and incidents that come crowding on the minds of those dear and near to him—how much these mean! Never near his anecdote, Mr. Hodge had yet a large, delightful store of anecdotes to draw from. He had met in his time many of the great political figures of the second half of the nineteenth century, Disraeli, Gladstone, the seventh Duke of Devonshire, Sir Robert Peel, among them. In 1874, immediately after the Liberal defeat, he met Gladstone among the books, and exchanged a word or two with him about the election. "My dear Mr. Hodge," replied Gladstone, "I feel as if a mountain were off my shoulders." A friend notes the liveliness of Mr. Hodge's humour and a certain frolic in his talk of a choice and pleasant quality, always making for ease and friendship; to know him and to talk with him on books or on Nature was like reading Izaak Walton—a thing, as Lamb said, to sweeten any man's temper.

MR. REDMOND'S THROW.

THE alliance between Liberals and Nationalists is at an end—for the present. The partners are sadly disappointed in each other. The Irish National Convention unanimously rejected Mr. Birrell's Bill: as the elegant newspaper edited by Mr. Jasper Tully preferred to put it, they "flung his miserable Bill back in his leering, jeering face". *Amantium iræ* is the order of the day in Ireland, and there are few signs of any possible renewal of affection. A fortnight ago we showed that the Irish Council Bill neither met the national ideals of Irish Home Rulers nor conduced to real improvements in Irish administration, and we need not illustrate these points by going into the comments of Irish politicians and newspapers on the ill-fated measure. But since the decision of the "National Convention" is bound to have important results, it is worth while to attempt to see exactly what it meant. It will be agreed by all parties that the Convention has killed any scheme of the nature of Devolution, has conveyed a distinct personal rebuff to Mr. Birrell, and has proved that the Separatist idea (which Mr. Bryce affected to disregard) is at present so strong in Ireland that Sir Antony MacDonnell cannot hope to win popular support for any attempt to enable Irishmen to control their domestic affairs without weakening the solidarity of the United Kingdom. But when we turn to the influence which this week's events will have on the future of British and Irish parties, we pass into conjecture. It is worth while to do so, since the whole political situation is changed by the meeting in Dublin on Tuesday.

First of all it is most important to mark that Mr. Redmond's action came as a complete surprise to the Irish public. It is useless for Nationalists to deny this: on Monday there were probably not more than a dozen men in Ireland who knew what line Mr. Redmond would take on the morrow. In spite of all disclaimers, he has undoubtedly had a close understanding with the Government. He gave them the Irish vote at the General Election, he made his party take a line on the abortive English Education Bill which would never have suggested itself spontaneously to Irish Roman Catholics, and he provided a seat in Tyrone for the Irish Solicitor-General. In return the Government really did very little except assume an air of studied offensiveness towards Irish Unionists. But in the details of administration they went some way to meet the Nationalists. They got rid of some Assistant Land Commissioners in order to provide employment for Nationalists whose general and technical qualifications were alike so deficient that the educational test had to be suspended in their favour. Mr. Birrell has in this matter followed the policy begun under Mr. Bryce. Further, in order to placate the Nationalists he has driven from office (without waiting for the report of the Special Commission on the Department of Agriculture) Sir Horace Plunkett, whom Mr. Bryce had requested to remain. In order to satisfy "Irish ideas" an Irish country-gentleman with expert knowledge on agricultural questions has been removed to make way for a talented hotel-keeper of Scottish origin, whose knowledge of farming seems to rest wholly on his experiences as an agrarian agitator in Ulster. Finally, after putting forward a University scheme which does not offer the best amend to the genuine grievance of the Irish Roman Catholics, but does inflict unnecessary damage on Trinity College, Dublin, the Government have risked their credit on a Bill for the alteration of the government of Ireland. It is quite certain that the Irish Parliamentary leaders were in very close touch with the Government when this Bill was being prepared. Mr. Redmond's speech on the first reading, cautious as it was, showed that, while not abating his demand for Home Rule, he was prepared to take an instalment if the Irish people would allow him. For he understood the difficulty in which the Government were placed.

But the Irish populace knows nothing of the situation of English Liberal Ministers with regard to their constituents, and even if it knew more would care little for

such considerations. Here is the strongest Ministry of modern times, led by a declared Home Ruler, relieved from the dreaded presence of Lord Rosebery, and consisting of men who deliberately voted for Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bills. Of such a Ministry much was expected. And then, as an Irish member once said in the House, "Laborant montes, exit mus!" There was a perfectly genuine and spontaneous outcry all over Nationalist Ireland of enraged disappointment. The "Freeman's Journal" kindly suggested that the clauses in the Bill which associated the Irish people with the control of primary education were valuable, but Bishop O'Dwyer of Limerick in his most emphatic manner stamped upon the suggestion. The nervousness of the Roman Catholic Hierarchy about the admission of popular control over education supplies the key to much that is puzzling in the present condition of Irish politics, and this fact is not sufficiently recognised: Mr. Birrell is suspect as a pronounced secularist, and many Irish priests saw in his Bill only a deep device to introduce secularism. As Father Humphreys of New Tipperary fame is reported to have said at the Convention before Mr. Redmond suppressed him, the Bill "would cast the priests out of the schools and let the devil in". The audience resented this description of an elected Council three-fourths of whom would be Roman Catholic Nationalists, but none the less clerical dislike of the Bill counted for much in its fate. The Sinn Fein party denounced the Bill as a betrayal of the Nationalist ideal, and though the Parliamentarians affect to despise Sinn Fein they dare not exhibit themselves as worse Nationalists than the extreme wing. Further, had the Bill passed, more than a score of Nationalist M.P.s would have found themselves without a seat in the Dublin Council (even assuming that the Party would be strong enough to carry their candidates against malcontents in the new constituencies), and it was feared that the existence of the Council would tell against the self-importance of the Parliamentarians.

Thus it was fairly clear beforehand that if Mr. Redmond, in pursuance of his understanding with the Liberals, was to pilot the Bill through his Convention, he must be prepared to accept such amendments as would inevitably lead to trouble with the House of Lords. But what no one expected was that Mr. Redmond would himself move the rejection of the Bill. The fact that he threw Mr. Birrell over and moved the rejection shows that he felt his own leadership at stake. He has never been as strong in Ireland as at Westminster: he is regarded as an excellent ambassador but an incapable ruler. For the moment he has saved himself, but he has quite lost the confidence of his countrymen. Incidentally he has behaved very badly to Mr. Birrell, for he promised to leave the Bill to be decided by the Convention, and a chairman who begins proceedings by moving the rejection of a measure is emphatically not leaving that measure to the sense of the Convention. Yet Mr. Redmond had no choice: had he failed to speak out at once he would have been doomed. His speech was altogether apologetic in character, and was coldly received. Mr. Joseph Devlin was the one member of Parliament who roused the audience to enthusiasm.

We are glad that the Bill is dead, because we are confident that it could not really have bettered the condition of Ireland. Further, we cannot affect to regret that the manner of its death must create a breach between the Ministers who have charge of the Empire and the Irish politicians who are the avowed enemies of our Imperial system. But we doubt whether Irish Nationalists acted wisely from their own narrow point of view. The Bill would have enabled them to establish something very like a Nationalist Civil Service all over Ireland. We do not desire to see the spoils system extended, but most Nationalists are very anxious to get all administrative posts into the hands of their friends. Again, the Sinn Fein party have denounced the Bill, whether because it is a fruit of "Parliamentarism" and therefore to be decried, or because it would perpetuate sectarian strife (which they honestly deprecate), or because it represented an abatement of the Separatist ideal. And yet we remain of opinion that Mr. Birrell's Council would have given extreme Nationalists a lever for working what is called "the

Hungarian policy" such as they certainly do not possess at present. The Nationalist rejection of the Bill, due largely to impulse, and largely to peculiar local conditions not easily appreciated in England, does not in the least whitewash Mr. Birrell's policy from the Unionist point of view.

As to the immediate future, it may be taken that the Irish demand that the Bill shall be quietly dropped and the session devoted to minor Nationalist measures will be a little too impudent even for the Prime Minister. But we look with apprehension to the next few months. The Liberals have deliberately raised Nationalist hopes only to falsify them, and they will suffer from the revulsion. Mr. Birrell's conspicuous failure as a legislator does not blind us to his administrative incapacity. He has allowed parts of Galway, Mayo and Roscommon to sink into a state of grave disorder. As an agrarian agitator said with perfect truth at the Convention, "they in Roscommon had taken the land question into their own hands, and had instituted compulsory powers without waiting for legislation". It is no satisfaction to the well-wishers of Ireland that the present victims of agrarian agitation are often large farmers, professed Nationalists, who twenty years ago were heading the campaign against landlords. In the land-league days the tenants were at any rate fighting for the possession of their own farms, but the rural agitators of to-day are simply trying to obtain their neighbours' land, and though the movement is professedly directed against the large grazing-tracts, its promoters would certainly not re-introduce tillage, but would simply utilise the land for small pasture farms. The United Irish League, for all its patriotic pretensions, has a great deal in common with Tammany, and it was most appropriate that on Tuesday Mr. Redmond should have announced to an applauding audience that the gentleman known as "Boss Croker" had just made a handsome donation to its funds.

THE AUSTRIAN GENERAL ELECTION.

NO election of modern times was a greater leap in the dark than that just fought in the Empire of Austria. There was little or no indication how the five million new voters would exercise their rights. Austrian politicians however anticipated that two parties would chiefly profit by the change: the Christian Socialists and the Social Democrats. The former were at the outset a purely Viennese party, the product of the peculiar social condition of the capital of Austria, where the vast majority of the population are skilled artisans and small tradesmen who had once been exploited by the middlemen, but had been emancipated at least politically by such men as Karl Lueger, Albert Gessmann and Robert Pattai, or enrolled in Catholic guilds through the oratory of the great Jesuit preacher Pater Abel. It was felt that the increase in the representation of Vienna and the extension of the franchise throughout rural Austria must add to their political influence and raise them from the position of a group to the dignity of a party. The Social Democrats had only lately secured admission to Parliament and had not yet made much mark within its walls; but they had agitated for universal suffrage for years. Their leaders had suffered fine and imprisonment time out of mind in the cause. They had been thoroughly well organised by houses, by streets, by wards, by districts and by constituencies. The rich industrial centres of Bohemia were for the first time given their equal share in the representation of the Empire. Social Democrats had not set themselves against public opinion on dynastic or on military matters, but had proved the Emperor's most active supporters in furthering the cause which he had taken up with so much enthusiasm. Political meteorologists almost without exception believed they would at least quadruple if not sextuple their numbers, and these prophecies have been more than fulfilled. No one, however, expected that the Social Democrats would return to Parliament stronger than the Christian Socialists, or that the latter would see their parliamentary allies, the Old Clericals, come back to the Reichsrath in increased numbers. Many factors have combined to produce the Social Democratic and Old

Clerical results. Outsiders thought that the clergy and the landlords would succeed in raising the Christian Socialist party from twenty-five to eighty or a hundred; but none of their leaders shared this delusion. Men like Karl Lueger and Prince Alois Liechtenstein gave them twenty-two seats in Vienna, where they secured nineteen on the first ballots, and thirty-eight in the country districts, and their forecasts were thus justified on the first ballots alone. In one respect the Christian Socialists were most seriously handicapped. Their leader Karl Lueger, at one time the greatest demagogue in Austria, was too ill to take part in the election. His lieutenants were able men, orators of their kind, full of energy and enterprise, neither sparing themselves nor others; but the master mind was wanting. Nevertheless they have done what they expected, and they are reinforced by a number of Old Clericals. Clerical Czechs, Poles, Ruthenians, Italians and Slovenes are also bound to come to their assistance whenever religious questions are at issue. The only question that has to be settled is whether they or the Social Democrats will exercise the greater influence on the work of the coming Parliament. The Social Democrats are for the most part untried and untrained. They have able men in their ranks. Dr. Victor Adler, their leader, is a hard hitter, and sometimes shows bitterness in political controversy; but he thoroughly believes all he says and has his cause at heart. He is convinced that the working man in Austria has genuine and substantial grievances, and he recalls the time when his position was worse than it is now. He has sacrificed a substantial fortune in promoting the doctrines of social democracy; he has faced fine and imprisonment over and over again, and some of his bitterness is the product of what he has himself gone through. His ablest lieutenant will now be Dr. Renner, who has written often and well under the name of Rudolf Springer. Dr. Renner is head and shoulders above his colleagues, but it is most doubtful whether he will ever be their leader. His great intellectual superiority has roused much jealousy in the party of equality, and it is quite possible that he may in time have to form a group of his own. Ignaz Daszynski, who has just lost his seat at Cracow to Dr. Petelenz, the leader of the Polish Democrats, but who is sure to find another elsewhere, was the leader of the party before Dr. Adler, but gave up his position when his rival's claims were made manifest. Engelbert Pernerstorfer is an able writer and an effective speaker. Herr Schuhmeier has also made his mark in Vienna. There are others who will doubtless come to the front; but the future of the party is uncertain. Their organisation outside Parliament has been admirable; but we have yet to see whether Dr. Victor Adler, who has kept a party of ten Socialists in the Reichsrath under his control, has the will and the power to lead seven or eight times that number. It is possible, even probable, that he will succeed.

With a perfect organisation and well led, the Social Democratic party may even do good work in the coming Parliament. There is a time when the principle of national patriotism is a duty, but there is another when it may prove fatal to the expansion and development of an even greater national idea. The old German Empire was, it is true, mainly German; but it contained many nationalities within its frontiers. These nationalities worked in union the one with the other for centuries, and through their union did great things for civilisation and for mankind. The Austrian Empire has suffered through the weakness of the strongest and the strength of its weaker nationalities. Ever since 1866 there has been a feeling of imminent disruption in the air, and this feeling has grown as Hungarians, Czechs and Poles have increased in mutual animosity and have strengthened their separate national individualities. In Hungary itself the Magyar is threatened with the hostility of Roumanians, Serbs, Slovaks and Germans. A good deal has been said of a greater Croatia which would sever the last link that binds it to Hungary and unite Bosnia, Herzegovina and Dalmatia under the same Parliament. During the general election there has been wild talk on many an Austrian platform of absolute and complete separation from Hungary, and this cry has been taken up across the

frontier. Possibly it is all bluff, each side only hoping to obtain the best terms for the next ten years. Social democracy has risen above the disturbing national distinctions, and appealed to its followers as a body. In doing so it has set an example to other parties of that greater Austrian national unity which casts the smaller distinctions between Slav and Teuton, between Czech and Pole, to the winds, and it is to this national unity that it owes its triumph. Its policy, as judged by its pamphlets, is that of the brotherhood of nations, of the great socialist commonwealth; but these pamphlets were only read by the few. To the majority of the people socialism appealed through the mouths of its orators, who said little or nothing of the socialist commonwealth, but who talked of practical reforms which the people wanted. They also appealed to them to forget their national feuds and to unite for legislation on behalf of the working man. Many of their theories were crude; many of their promises will come to naught. They have, however, succeeded in one respect, and that is in breaking down national barriers. Many hope that their example will be of profit to the people of Austria-Hungary, will make them realise that they are one people, and that they acknowledge the rule of the same Emperor. Their example may also prove profitable to the bourgeois parties. Liberals refuse to support Christian Socialists on the second ballots, as they regard them as the apostles of clericalism and reaction. The Old Clericals refuse to vote for Liberals because they uphold divorce and free schools, though Social Democrats are far more extreme in their doctrines of religious, political, and civil emancipation. Let both parties take a leaf out of the Social Democratic book. As they have united let the Bourgeois parties unite. Social democracy has done its good work by showing the value of union, and it therefore behoves those who wish to preserve the present structure of society to unite against those who in the long run wish for its destruction. Unity alone can save society, unity alone can preserve to the Austrian Empire that strength which is the best guarantee for the peace of Europe.

PERSONALITIES IN POLITICS.

MR. CHURCHILL'S Edinburgh speech suggests the question of the proper, rather the improper, place of personalities in politics. Abstract principles should be the primary reason for the political faith which we cherish. But the most logical and intellectual of men cannot resist the concurrent force of human influence. No religious, philosophical, or political movement has advanced itself without the active leadership of powerful chiefs. It would, therefore, be pedantic and futile to lay down as a general law for wholesome political discussion that the praise of your friend, or the dispraise of your opponent, shall be rigorously avoided. In quiet times, when as in the days of the Lord Derby, "the Rupert of debate", and Lord Palmerston, the differences between parties were rather nominal and historical than real, it would be hard for the opposing statesmen to descend to violent abuse of one another, and were they to do so, an indifferent country would pay little attention to what it would rightly deem to be some personal dislike and spleen, rather than political sentiment excited by the political action of an opponent. But, when the times are stormy, when vital issues are before the people, or when a great man has suddenly changed his attitude towards the burning question of the day, who can say that it is not right that the actions and the motives of the leaders of opinion should be frankly and freely canvassed?

Let us take some examples. When Sir Robert Peel suddenly became converted to the necessity of a repeal of the Corn Laws, and advocated this change of policy to a Conservative majority in the House of Commons, which had been returned to support their continuance, was not Disraeli justified not only in attacking the new policy, but also in ridiculing and satirising its author? And this satire Disraeli levelled at the leader of the House of Commons, to his face, in his presence, and

before a hostile majority. Again, after years, Disraeli, after a prolonged political contest, in which Gladstone has been his bitter opponent, comes back from Berlin. In a famous speech he pictures Gladstone as a "sophistical rhetorician, inebriated by the exuberance of his own verbosity". True Gladstone was not present at the banquet at which these words were spoken. But Gladstone was still in the full prime of his physical and intellectual vigour. The two leaders were still together in the House of Commons. Gladstone could at any moment make what retort he chose to Disraeli's invective. In like manner, when the vital issue of Home Rule had suddenly been sprung upon the country in 1886 by Gladstone, when political passion was nightly running high, was it wrong in Lord Randolph Churchill not merely to argue the great question on its intrinsic merits, but also savagely to arraign the man who had launched the new policy? "An old man in a hurry" is as biting a phrase as was ever coined. It probably stirred the slow thoughts of thousands of electors who would not have been affected by the most serious of constitutional arguments. No doubt this attack too was made in the absence of the man attacked; but Gladstone was then a fighter indeed, and at any moment he could return the blow. Moreover, in all these cases the personalities were but incidents in a general, impersonal argument. And this is true of Lord Rosebery's last speech in the House of Lords. In it he made a general attack on the attitude of the Government towards the House of Lords, on its policy of "snowballing", and on the character of its projected land legislation. Into his argument he threw some lively passages of personal ridicule of the political conduct of the Prime Minister. The ridicule was not directed against the character or the private idiosyncrasies or the habits of Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman. It was levelled at the course he was following in the field of politics, and was relevant to the general indictment against the tactics and objects of the Government.

In Mr. Churchill's speech at Edinburgh personalities are used in a wholly different way. In that bilious outburst politics are subordinate to the personalities. The personalities do not illustrate an argument. On the contrary, they rule the speech, and leave for serious topics only a few obscure corners. Then, the personalities are directed against victims whose mouths, from the necessity of the case, are closed. And the personalities are not directed against political conduct, but are excited by alleged bad manners, and aimed at some private and personal traits. The sneer against Mr. Chamberlain is the most odious of these bits of malicious invective. For it is idle to contend that the mere introduction of Mr. Austen Chamberlain's name can conceal the real direction of these gibes at his father. In connexion with Mr. Austen Chamberlain, the sneer is wholly meaningless. He does not wear an orchid, whether "expensive" or not. It was a sneer at Mr. Chamberlain. Of all living politicians Mr. Churchill is probably the only one who would at this time care quite irreverently and gratuitously to pin-prick that statesman. "Sunt lacrimæ scoriæ", but the "natalia" do not touch Mr. Churchill's heart. However much a stern free trader may disapprove of Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal policy, no free trader but Mr. Churchill is insensible of the pathos of the ill fortune that has incapacitated Mr. Chamberlain and of the irony of the fate which has prevented him from meeting the colonial Premiers. In his attack on the conduct of some of those gentlemen, Mr. Churchill, by the assertion that they were the guests of the Government, and the allegation that in that capacity they had broken the obligations that follow upon the enjoyment of hospitality, removed his charge from the category of political offences, and clothed it with personal and individual offensiveness. The colonial visitors were not the guests of the Government. They were the guests of the nation. And the nation invited them that they might freely speak their minds on all imperial subjects, and let the motherland clearly know what were the subjects which were interesting the daughter-nations, what they really wished to obtain, and by what means these objects should be attained. Mr. Churchill would seem to imply that it was the duty of these "guests" to conceal their real views, to refrain from the expression of any

positive and constructive policy, while meekly endorsing any futile proposal his Majesty's Government might make. This would be pleasing to the so-called hosts, it would not embarrass a perplexed Cabinet. No doubt, it would be good manners, and in accordance with the exemplary conduct of General Botha. There indeed was the ideal "guest". The country is grateful to its guests, and especially to Mr. Deakin, Sir W. Lyne, and Dr. Jameson, precisely because they did not suffer this cramping conception of their duties to prevail, because inside the Conference, and even more outside of it, they showed the courage of their opinions, explained them to the people of Great Britain, and by so doing immeasurably advanced the causes they, and we, have at heart. They will not trouble much about Mr. Churchill and his "bargee."

GUARDIANS AND CORRUPTION.

IS corruption increasing in British public life? We need hardly say that with the trial and conviction of the West Ham Guardians and officials so very fresh in the memory the first impulse is to answer that it looks as if it were. If we take the language of the Judge—and Mr. Justice Jelf is a judge of large experience and not inclined to sensationalism—it is not unreasonable to believe that this is the case. He said: "It was a curse of this country, and he was afraid a growing curse, that this kind of dishonest transaction was prevalent, and that people were losing their hold on that integrity which was the very foundation of all success in commerce and civil life." We know also that this was the impression of Lord Russell of Killowen and Sir Edward Fry and some other Judges who for several years dwelt earnestly on this topic until they succeeded in getting passed the Prevention of Corruption Act of last year. They had no doubt that amongst commercial men the practice of bribery was extending in all commercial enterprises and was making honest and fair rivalry in business more and more difficult. It is a very encouraging fact, however, that though the Act has been so short a time in force those who are in a position to judge are convinced that already it has had a good effect in producing a healthier state of opinion. The moral influence of the Act has been greater than its legal application. There has not been more than one prosecution of any importance under it; but amongst bankers, insurance offices, auctioneers and house and estate agents, and other commission agents, it is known that various doubtful "customs of the trade" have been discontinued. Examples of this kind tell in many directions, and, coupled with the fact that we have heard little of the Act in the courts, we may perhaps not be too optimistic in believing that some dishonest practices have been suppressed and that matters are not getting worse in business life.

The Public Bodies (Corrupt Practices) Act 1889 has had almost as uneventful a career. There have been few prosecutions under it; and the West Ham case is quite the most important. If we could rely on the rarity of prosecutions as indicating the healthiness or unhealthiness of local government and the honesty of its officials there would be no cause for alarm. We can hardly do that, however, as we may in the administration of the ordinary criminal law. Criminal statistics tell a straightforward tale. More prosecutions, more crime; and the converse. The police have not yet come to include the watching of local authorities as part of their regular duties. In the meantime the Local Government Board auditors appear to be the detectives on whom we must rely; and there is considerable doubt whether they are generally as alert and determined as Mr. Boggis-Rolfe was at West Ham. And it happened that he had a very special stimulus in the circumstances of West Ham. Public attention had been drawn to it by its remarkable combination of poverty and extravagance. But the conspiracy of many Guardians and officials and servants had been going on long before it was discovered; and the disquieting thing is that it should have been left to

the auditor to discover it. There were Guardians who were not implicated in the dishonesty; though we gather from what the Attorney-General said that others were suspected against whom strict legal evidence could not be obtained. Yet it is this very honesty of some which is the worst feature in the case when we are asking how far other local bodies may be like the West Ham Board of Guardians. If they had all been in the conspiracy, there would have been nothing surprising in their frauds not being found out or their continuing for years. But what were the honest ones doing to be sitting by the side of their guilty companions without suspecting, or, if they did suspect, without discovering and exposing what was wrong? One cannot help asking suspiciously, not whether local bodies are corrupt, but rather in how many of them are the honest section hoodwinked or bullied or cajoled and inveigled into condonation of malpractices. At West Ham, too, it did not follow that the Guardians would be found out because Bond the contractor was discovered to be cheating the public. He might possibly, by keeping silence as to the participation of the Guardians, have done better for himself than by turning King's evidence against them. They would have paid him for secrecy, as they offered, and possibly with such licence as prevailed at West Ham he might afterwards have recouped them and himself by contracting again for the workhouse coal. So that it was quite an accident that the affairs of West Ham have become so conspicuous. But then a dishonest section of a body like the Guardians, without actually bringing themselves under the Public Bodies (Corrupt Practices) Act, may be wasting the public money by extravagant administration and favouritism in obtaining contracts for their friends, unnecessary to begin with or at too high prices. The whole system of tendering is liable to the most flagrant abuses: especially where the local body is, like the Board of Guardians, one whose election excites little public interest and whose proceedings attract little attention. Yet if the honest section of such bodies cannot be depended on to discover and expose flagrant crimes, how can they be depended on to keep their boards clear of those more insidiously dishonest practices which cause more loss than specific illegal acts? This is the suspicion which the West Ham disclosures throw on all local bodies, especially on the smaller ones, and again especially on Boards of Guardians. The time has come for them to be abolished as the little peddling small School Boards were which combined the greatest waste and extravagance with the smallest degree of efficiency. They are an instance of the representative system run to seed, and in any reform of the Poor Law we have no doubt they will become things of the past.

The West Ham affair has been one of the many facts which have called attention to the utter unfitness of the Poor Law and its present administrators to deal with the problems of poverty. All the greater questions of the real Poor Law, such as unemployment and old age pensions and insurance, are altogether too big for Boards of Guardians to handle. All the tentative efforts that are being made assume the direct action of the State or the larger municipal bodies. What is now under the management of the Boards of Guardians is a workhouse system which is in its last stages of corruption. Its extravagance is not for the benefit of the poor, but for an artificially nourished body of officials, and for the builders, contractors, purveyors of food and drink and other things, who find their harvest in the waste that goes on inside the workhouses. We sometimes hear that the palaces with splendid fittings and electric lights and other luxuries are a sort of socialistic adventure on the part of Guardians to benefit the poor. That is about the last thing they are. Your Guardian and all his entourage of officials and contractors are really engaged in encouraging the idle and the worthless to fill the workhouses for their own benefit: and the real honest poor are still treated with the same hardship and contumely that they have always been treated with in the workhouses. The Guardians have taken advantage of a generous feeling of the public that the poor should be better treated than they were in the old days when the workhouses were not less corrupt but less expen-

sive. The workhouse system has been abused and it must be cut down; but the ideal prison workhouse of some purists will not do without anything more. Surely something better may be devised than the workhouse of seventy years ago, or the workhouse of the West Ham Guardians of to-day. We ought to hear of it when the Commission which was appointed by the Conservative Government three years ago makes its report.

THE CITY.

THE monetary position is disappointing. A few weeks ago everyone was looking for a 3 per cent. Bank-rate, and the successive reductions from 5 to 4 per cent were believed to be forerunners to the looked-for goal. Now hope of a further decline for some time to come has been abandoned, though the existing 4 per cent. rate is not effective. Paris is now dominating the monetary situation. At the beginning of the year it was New York. We are losing considerable amounts of gold in connection with the maturity of sterling bills held by Paris, and other financial operations are involving transfers of still further sums. The extent of the withdrawals in connection with the first operation can be pretty well gauged: how much other operations will involve is quite uncertain. And because of this uncertainty Lombard Street has given up all hope of an immediate reduction in the Bank-rate.

On the Stock Exchange the depression becomes more and more acute. No one can satisfactorily explain the persistent fall in prices, and this adds to the prevailing gloom. If the root of the evil could be discovered there might be some means of removing it: at least we might hope that recuperation would follow the use of the pruning knife. The unsatisfactory monetary position is insufficient reason for the continued fall in stocks. Weeks ago it was urged that sales by insurance companies were the cause of the depression, and undoubtedly they were partly responsible. But the sales have ceased and insurance companies must now have funds available for re-investment. The vagaries of the Government are, of course, not conducive to the stability of prices. But business men do not readily part with their investments through pique at Ministerial follies. Labour troubles are more likely to arouse apprehension and bring stocks to market, but the curious thing is that since the agitation amongst the railwaymen came into prominence very little actual stock has been offered. The fall in the prices of home railways is due mainly to "funk" on the part of dealers.

The collapse in American railway securities is more easy of explanation. Continual creations of new capital cannot fail to bring down prices of existing securities, and there is no end to the demands which the American companies must make upon the public to put their lines in a state of efficiency capable of dealing with the enormous traffic now being carried. In large numbers of cases the whole of the permanent way requires to be relaid, and this means the expenditure of millions. The necessary money may be raised temporarily by floating charges, but sooner or later it will be capitalised, and then we shall see whether it will be possible to pay dividends that will justify even present prices. Meantime, of course, the controlling interests will do their utmost to rouse the market from the existing depression, and will probably succeed for a time. We may even have another "boom" before the year is over, but he would be a daring operator who speculated for this. American railway securities are always more or less dangerous; at the moment they seem particularly so.

The labour troubles in the Transvaal have killed any interest that was being taken in the Kaffir market. There is a suspicion that the movement is not quite straightforward, and this has temporarily removed the last vestige of confidence that was shown in the market. It would be a very serious thing for the whole world if anything happened to check the output

of gold in the Transvaal—we are all so much dependent upon the supply. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the trouble will not spread—a hope which is justified by the latest reports. We can then look forward to some pronouncement from the Transvaal Government on the question of Chinese labour. Such a statement is promised about the end of next month, and it need not be said that it is awaited with keen interest in City circles.

SOME PRINCIPLES IN FIRE INSURANCE.

THERE are certain principles in fire insurance which a great many people cannot grasp, or do not see the necessity for. In the first place fire insurance—as the name implies—is a method by which the loss done by fire falls upon an insurance company instead of upon the policyholder. In order to pay the loss it is necessary to ascertain the damage actually done by the fire. For this purpose the policyholder must supply evidence of the value of his goods at the time of the fire. The company is not concerned with what the goods originally cost, or with the expense of replacing the destroyed property by new articles of equal quality.

Fire insurance is thus fundamentally different from life assurance. A life policy guarantees the payment of, say £1,000, when a man dies, and this amount is bound to be paid at some time or other provided the payment of premiums is kept up. A fire policy does not guarantee the payment of a fixed sum in the event of a fire, and it is neither feasible nor desirable that it should. What is known as “moral hazard” already gives the fire offices quite sufficient difficulty and exposes them to very serious risks from fraud. These risks would be vastly increased if a man, by setting fire to his property or by abstaining from efforts to put out an accidental fire, could be sure of receiving an agreed amount without close investigation by the insurance company, not merely with a view to proving that the fire was accidental but also that the loss incurred really amounted to the sum which the company had to pay.

It is sometimes urged that insured property should be valued and scheduled by firms of valuers and that this valuation should be accepted both by the companies and by the insured. This is perhaps possible in a few exceptional cases, but as a general rule it is certainly not worth the cost. A valuation involves a fee greatly in excess of the annual premiums for fire insurance, re-valuations are necessary from time to time, and in any event it is necessary to prove that the goods mentioned in the inventory were destroyed by fire. In some ways, quite apart from any intentional fraud, companies are frequently treated unfairly by policyholders, who do not insure their property for anything like its full value. Insurance on the contents of private houses usually provides for making good damage done by fire within the limits of the sum insured; thus a man whose property is worth £2,000 and who is insured for only £1,000 is entitled to receive £1,000 if half his goods are burnt. Commercial policies contain an “average clause” which provides that in such a case as this the policyholder carries half the risk and the company carries the other half, so that if goods to the value of £1,000 were destroyed, and the total contents of the house were worth £2,000, the company would be called upon to pay only £500, the policyholder being considered to carry half the risk himself. There are various practical considerations which make it inadvisable to insert an average clause in the policies of private householders, but it cannot be considered inappropriate for a company to require rigorous proof of the damage done by fire when a man is seriously under-insured.

Most of the complaints about unfair settlements prove, on examination, to have very little justification. The tendency of fire insurance companies is towards liberal rather than illiberal settlements, for the simple reason that in the long run it pays them better: it tells against the extension of a company's business to get a name for niggardly treatment of policyholders. In writing about insurance in this REVIEW, our stand-

point is always that of the policyholders, and from the point of view of policyholders in general we have no doubt whatever that the present system of fire insurance is the most beneficial in all essential respects. Improvement in certain details is possible, and reforms of one kind or another are being introduced from time to time, but any general adoption of the principle of insuring property at fixed values would increase the cost of insurance and would be to the detriment, not to the benefit, of policyholders as a whole. Honest claimants receive fair treatment, and it is quite essential that the companies should be armed with efficient weapons for fighting the fraudulent; these are already a too numerous class, and any substantial modification of the well-established principles of fire insurance could scarcely fail to increase their numbers.

FRENCH FINANCE.—II.

(By a Paris Financier.)

IN an interview published in January 1905 in the “Neue Freie Presse”, the late M. Henri Germain, founder and President of the Crédit Lyonnais, a bank whose influence has prevailed in the financial world during the last twenty-five years, said that “French capital should go abroad” for the reason that “France hardly develops her own industry and does not create any new ones”. The exodus of French capital is, therefore, not only the result of the fears of the investors, but also takes its origin from the legitimate desire of the capitalist to get larger profits than the low rate in France can allow him. Cheap money favours foreign borrowing, principally in public funds, of which the French are particularly fond. France for a number of years has been lending her money at a low rate to foreign promoters, rather than using it by her sons' genius, for her own benefit.

That lack of initiative is certainly unfortunate, but life in France is an easy one, and people are not ambitious. Most Frenchmen wish to be able in their declining years to have a small competence which will permit them to own a home and live at leisure. They prefer to earn a small living at home rather than a large one abroad. It used to be a French father's dream to see his son in Government employment which assured a pension, and it is only during the last few years that young men of the “bourgeoisie” have thought of business.

The young man's difficulty in France is to find capital. France is rich in money, but the French banks do not feel inclined to supply funds to private individuals for opening small concerns: they insist on far too high a rate of interest, as they prefer to use their funds for financing less risky operations, such as discounting bills, underwriting foreign public loans, the bonds of which are easily sold to the French public, generally diffident of new commercial or industrial ventures, with the exception of such large ones as the “Paris Métropolitain” or “Panama”. This mode of procedure facilitates the exodus of French capital, which is used abroad to subsidise foreign competition. “France”, said the eminent M. Germain, “is the largest power in Europe as far as capital is concerned”. This is quite true, but French people ought to make use of that power themselves. Small concerns are by no means the least productive. As may be seen by the balance-sheets of French leading banks, there is plenty of money in the country, the savings of which are estimated at 2,000,000,000 fr. yearly. It may be suggested that these “institutions de crédit” might create “filial banks” for a special branch of industry in order to support small undertakings, which are an important factor in the strength of general trade. In doing so they would be usefully serving the country and themselves. In former times a banker was the friend of his customers and their adviser, and was able when required to advance funds for their business. Nowadays the “joint stock bank” has killed the intimacy between bankers and clients. French industry, however, is in pretty good case: most of its concerns were founded years ago, but the new ones require the backing of

individual capitalists. Moreover, national industry cannot rely upon the Government's support. It may be remembered, for instance, that five years ago, for the Dahomey railways the orders for rails were given to Belgium, and the responsible Minister was obliged to declare to the Senate that such proceedings would be avoided in future.

We must also remember the general crisis induced by the numerous calls on capital in every part of the world. The want of cash has been felt more or less everywhere, and the issuing banks have been obliged to increase their paper currency. The Bank of France has done the same; its paper currency, which in 1905 was on the average 4,565 millions of francs, has increased in 1906 to 4,714 millions of francs, whilst the gold reserve was in eleven months reduced by 385,000,000 fr., reaching 2,610,000,000 fr. on 21 March, when the rate was raised from 3 to 3½ per cent. The 3 per cent. rate had remained since 25 May, 1900. The paper currency at that date amounted to 4,737 millions of francs. In raising the rate the Bank of France had in view the idea of restraining the permanent borrowing from other markets when the discount rate was 3 or 4 per cent. higher than in Paris. In the technical debates on gold reserves at the London Institute of Bankers this winter the power of a country rich in gold was brought out. France's credit is solid not only on account of her commerce and industries, but also on account of the enormous gold stock detained by the country.

When Lombard Street, a few months ago, was undergoing a serious crisis (an echo of Wall Street), the opportune interference of the Bank of France brought relief, and thus a serious stringency was avoided, and the benefit is still felt in financial circles.

The facility with which taxes are collected and the buoyancy of trade prove that France is as strong as ever. During 1906 there was an increase of 176,798,000 fr. in her trade as against 1905, and since the beginning of 1907 the first two months were quite satisfactory, the increase being 38,744,000 fr. against the corresponding period of 1906.

But the main point in national finance is always the income tax. It hits and hits hard small incomes from 2,000 fr. (£80). In large towns the extra taxation would be excessive. M. Chassaing-Goyon, one of the members of the "Conseil Municipal de Paris", in his report to that body, states that under the present régime Paris pays to the State only 165,910,500 fr. yearly, whilst, under the Caillaux Bill, it would have to pay 198,724,600 fr., being an increase of 17·65 per cent. per capita. The "projet Caillaux" wants rural populations to believe it will bring about a reduction of the land tax, but this reduction would be largely counterbalanced by the loss of time resulting from the numerous inquiries exacted by fiscal authorities.

Meanwhile the "Rente" is weak in spite of the purchases made it is said by the State for the account of the savings-banks and other public establishments, averaging 40,000 fr. per diem. Some pessimists foresee the "Rente" at 90 fr. at the end of this year if the Government favours the State expropriation of railways and does not give Parliament to understand that the "Workmen's Superannuation Bill" is not to be realised without corresponding resources, which are not easily to be found. The question is no doubt an interesting one, but sentiment and finance are different things. The French working class understands it and is anxious, as may be seen from the excess of 3,000,000 fr. of the withdrawals over the deposits in the savings banks since the beginning of the year to the middle of April.

During the Easter session a great number of "Conseils généraux" (Departmental Councils) passed motions against income tax and principally against the Caillaux Bill. Moreover, the chairman of the Conseil-Général of Meuse, M. Poincaré, the ex-Minister of Finance, declared, in voting a motion against the Caillaux Bill, that "although he hoped that the two Chambers might agree before the general election on a Bill which would result in fairer assessment, this, in his opinion, would not be the Caillaux Bill".

"En résumé", if the financial condition of France is not so good as one could wish, it is largely due to its

internal political crisis. Her condition is by no means critical, but will be serious if the fiscal schemes of the advanced parties are carried, and the commercial bodies have already given warnings which the Government must take into account. The Chamber of Commerce of Paris, on the report of M. Ph. Monduit, the well-known chairman of its legislation committee, passed judgment against the Caillaux Bill, declaring that such a project is against the economical liberty and equity, which are part of political freedom. Lately, seventy-seven French Chambers of Commerce passed similar motions against Income-tax.

Whatever fate may befall the Bill, it is certain that the parliamentary debates will occupy a long time, and will give leisure to the country to delay a confidence vote on the alleged taxation reform till after the next general election of 1910. Such is the hope of most practical and conservative minds in France, and may be also that of the Income-tax Bill promoters themselves.

THE IRISH PROBLEM.

[By the author of "Economics for Irishmen."]

III.—DERIVATION.

THE national mind and will do not belong to the nation, but rather to a few privileged persons and groups, who thereby control the energy of the people to live on it, which makes progress impracticable, not merely in Government, but also in Life, of which Government is never more than a minor fraction. Let me consider briefly how this is illustrated in the failure of legislation, in the uselessness of institutions, and in the ruin of the race.

The country is necessarily committed to the democratic destiny, but democracy is practicable only in so far as opinion is free, and we have practically no free opinion in Ireland, unless for private expression. Authority takes the place of free opinion, and precludes the thought on which opinion must be founded to be of benefit in political affairs. If there be any real thought in political affairs, it cannot be the thought of the people, who have conceded all right of such thought to mere authority; and it is only the thought of the people themselves that can have practical significance in the democratic meaning. Hence the legislative white elephants, the gifts of Demos, which eat up Ireland, while the people decline to learn what use might be made of the beasts.

About a hundred gentlemen go to Parliament from Ireland, but in the strictly democratic and constitutional sense Ireland remains unrepresented in Parliament; because these gentlemen are elected, not by the people, but by the persons and groups to whom the people have given up their right of political judgment. There are two parties, one seeking office and obeying the Orange Lodges, the other seeking subscriptions and obeying the bishops. Mr. Redmond's party have to vote as the bishops order, even against their Home Rule allies in Great Britain, thereby shelving Home Rule; and the average Home Ruler in Ireland dares not utter a syllable against it. Meantime I have it from the intimate friends of their lordships that exactly three-fourths of the bishops themselves are anti-Home Rulers, dreading that a Parliament in Dublin might replace ecclesiastical dictation by the democratic process in political affairs. That is why so many Orangemen are now becoming Home Rulers.

Not long ago these bishops' members of Parliament presented a candidate in the democratic way, for Louth, without asking leave, and immediately the ecclesiastics forced them to accept their own unpledged candidate instead. If they differ from the bishops on the parish pump, the subscriptions stop, and out they go. Parnell left some able men, somewhat trained to analyse political agencies, and they had made free opinion of some sort almost possible when the compact closing the split contracted them out of Parliament for ever, and replaced them by village publicans less capable of criticism and more obedient to the bishops. Since then these Ishmaels of Ireland have been persecuted.

almost to starvation under "religious" direction. Their business, where they had any, has been boycotted to ruin, and some of them have been reduced to the lot of journeymen workers in their advancing age, with their employers repeatedly coerced to discharge them. One alone that I know of has up to now been able to keep alive in Ireland, but only because he is employed by a Protestant, who declines to obey the bishops. He is now getting too old to earn his living, tells me that he sees nothing ahead but the workhouse, that Mr. Redmond "cuts" them in the street, and declines to acknowledge their letters to him. These are the men who stood by their chief with Mr. Redmond in Committee Room No. 15. Is the cruelty part of the conciliation compact with the bishops? A gentleman like Mr. Redmond would naturally prefer to do the manly thing if he dared; but the ecclesiastics foretold the destruction of his comrades, and they had the means already organised to realise the prediction—that is the peculiar advantage of the modern prophet.

On the other hand the Orange dictation, so long and so lately a positive ascendancy, has become a negative wail: "If the Catholic 'leader of the Irish race at home and abroad' is so much in terror of his own bishops, what chance could Unionist Protestants have at the mercy of a legislating majority led by him?" Between the two mobs, there is little room for a nation, unless a dying one; less still for religion, unless as a political weapon, and none at all for the freedom of opinion essential to practicable democracy. With the mind and will of the nation annexed by the group, the energy of the people becomes an ecclesiastical asset; the most "ameliorative measure" may be killed by a shrug of episcopal shoulders, and religion itself must vanish with the victims who go away over the world to make room for theologians and bullocks.

The ecclesiastical system, compounded of modern resource and mediæval cunning, is perfected to meet life at every point. As the bishops direct Ireland in Parliament, the parish priests control her in Local Government. For instance, at Claremorris the local priests have openly forced the Guardians to pass a resolution that they will appoint no clerk who has not "a character" from "the priests of his parish"; and Mr. Conor O'Kelly M.P. declares that one of the reverend gentlemen has explained it, "to keep out Protestants and people of that kind". Mr. O'Kelly has also called it "moral assassination", and already "Mother Church" is at work to unseat him, while the leader of the priests throws out a hint from the altar that the town may be "cursed" unless "the faithful" put down "the worst ruffians this side of hell". In reply, Mr. O'Kelly explains that, while in gaol, he read the Bible through, and found not a word in it about "the Claremorris waterworks". Claremorris differs from other places only in that what is implicit everywhere has become explicit here, and so comes the ecclesiastical cat out of the political bag wherever a man is found plucky enough to pull the string.

Whatever the future of Ireland, little good can come until the Irish themselves face the hidden forces that make justice as well as democracy impracticable among them. If they want a Parliament and a Government, why not have opinion and the courage to express it? Parliaments cannot work without opinions, and Governments cannot be administered by "moral assassination" alone. Ulster is supposed to be better, but I know a Protestant Nationalist of Belfast, one of many, who has been discharged from his employment three times in five years, and every time admittedly because of his political opinions. His Orange persecutors cannot understand his going over to a tyranny even greater than their own. During my six years in Ireland I have not met one Unionist who would not be a Home Ruler if the Home Rulers put the priest in his place, but the priest has their education under his heel, backed by British authority. How can Parliament or Government, from anywhere, do anything on democratic lines for a people who are incapable of opinion unless vicariously? The Irish problem is solving itself fast, by the ruin of the race, mainly self-inflicted; and it will be easy to govern Ireland when there are no Irish. That appears to be the outlook of all British statesmanship at present, with the apparent approval of Mr. Redmond, his party,

and the ecclesiastics controlling them; but, on the other hand, statesmanship can deal with no people except through their mind and will, which the Irish have given up to their privileged persons and groups. The prospect is hard for one of this stricken race to contemplate, but I know that if Ireland is to be saved it is by the truth, and that I can present the truth to her only by detaching myself, even in feeling, that I may see her problem purely as a problem.

I have presented the political side of the problem first, and at more length, as the simpler course, for its easier value in illustration; but the other side is much greater, much more fundamental, and much more complex. It is easy to see how the want of free opinion in politics degrades the democratic process; but it is less easy to see the enormously greater importance of this mental dominion in making men and women unfit to earn their bread in their own country. If a man's mind and will belong to another, and not to himself, his energy and its products also tend to be lost to him, because it is only in directing his energy by his own mind and will that he can make the expenditure of his energy reproductive in the interests of his own life. Giving up his mind and will in politics deprives him only of citizenship, but in the greater and more fundamental application, it deprives him of food, home, happiness and life itself. What of a nation of such units?

To the credit of the Irish nature, the people have always been peculiarly devoted to two of the primary essentials of civilisation, namely, patriotism and moral responsibility, debased in our own times under the names of "politics and religion", and further debased by their conflicting subdivisions under both heads. People wonder why the Irish now attend so little to the numerous other interests of life; it is mainly because their devotion to those two primary principles has been menaced so long and so cruelly that a ruinous excess of their energy and resource has been assigned to the defence, shaping the national habits and activities accordingly, with excesses of crude combativeness and of nervous piety that leave so much less of mind and force for other affairs. War in any form wants the strong man to the front, with a free hand, and privileged to judge for those who put him forward if he is to serve them well. Our battle is over, at least in religion, but our theological strong man remains still at the front, pretending it is still war in order to continue his privilege, wasting strength on the polemical frontier, where it is not wanted, at the expense of all the other interests, which want it very much. He has also taken the political command along with his own, to keep up the illusion, as the fighting men of old put themselves on the thrones of their employers, and turned peace into tyranny, to be deposed in their turn. With the race dying out as fast as ever from political causes, the need for the political fight remains as great, on the intellectual plane at least; but our Most Reverend Dictator keeps the army on its knees in perpetual prayer lest a rival warrior should find his feet among them.

Derived to such a heritage, coerced to assume that nothing matters much but religion, and carefully trained to give up their judgment in this, the Catholics of Ireland now carry the vicarious habit of mind even into butter-making and bacon-curing, in which the average man must always depend on other judgment than his own. One asks, "Is this creamery going to be worked on Nationalist principles?" and in a town of Mayo the people dare not hold a meeting on the killing of their pigs without the approval of the priest. A people who give up their mind and will in all the greater matters cannot have mind or will for the smaller, and it is the aggregate of the smaller that makes a nation's bread and butter. A people trained from the cradle to give up their mind as a moral duty cannot well have the use of their mind in the business of life—unless in some other country, where the emigrant is free to use his mind in order to live. No one can find anything to justify this in the Catholic religion, but no one can help finding it in the administration of that religion in Ireland.

With the mental resources of the nation thus locked away in the ecclesiastical warehouse, labelled off in its various departments, so many "Leagues" are required to manage the stock-in-trade, in the ecclesiastical

interest; and the human machines employed to work the Leagues see their own privileges menaced by the man who dares to think for himself in any concern whatever. The existence of his nation depends on him more essentially than on any other, for he most shows how to make Faculty of use to Life; but the warehousemen and their masters lay down the law that Faculty shall be of use to Privilege only, and let the nation go to America, taking even the religion along with it. In this way Life is kept "organised" for the convenience of its own accessories, instead of having the accessories for the convenience of Life; the accidents are set to govern the essentials, the fundamental is dictated by the superficial, the vital directed by the decadent, and the social organism sinks to atrophy, ending in the workhouse, the lunatic asylum and the emigrant ship.

I will next try to illustrate this strange Irish process in a few specific subjects, such as Education and the Leagues, in each case keeping close to the fact that the national mind and will do not belong to the nation.

PAT.

SEVERN SANDS.

FAR out the noisy waves retreat,
And now above this wide, wet plain
The white clouds drift, the white gulls fleet,
And magic radiance steals again.

How purple bright the luminous gleam
That makes the world wherein I range
Some old, enchanted land to seem,
So rare, so lustrous, and so strange!

Like emerald see yon islet lie,
Set like a watchman to command
The endless spaces of the sky,
The shining wastes of golden sand.

On it some phantom tower might rise
When the Moon the heaving wave enthral,
Uprear'd too fine for mortal eyes,
With purple flags and opal walls.

What does the golden gate conceal
That Westward stretches wide its bars?
They know, its watchers, and they feel
The night-long rapture of the stars.

What wondrous crops are reaped at dawn
On these wide sands, ere men behold?
More rich than any inland corn,
And ruddy with a brighter gold.

What mermen, floating far and free,
Borne with inrushing tides along,
Have chanted to this isle in glee,
Still circling round it with their song?

Rare world! Not earth, nor sky, nor yet
The ocean, but some mist-land blue.
No flower is in thy borders set,
No fruitful grains thy fields bestrew;

But insubstantial fancies, sweet
With dream and vision, bud and bloom
Here, where clouds drift, where sea-birds meet,
And radiant purple lustres come.

M. GOLDRING.

ARTISTS AND THE PUBLIC.

MANY people at this time of the year, sated with picture-shows, or trying to set in order bewildered impressions, must be asking themselves: What after all is the use of all these paintings? What is their destiny? What part in our life are they intended or presumed to play?

Some small proportion of the countless works annually exhibited is no doubt bought for the walls of private houses. But the painters of to-day appear to think very little of the conditions which such a destination for their pictures would naturally impose; the tendency is more and more to disregard all limitations whatever, that congruity with the surroundings of a sitting-room would suggest, in the way of design, colour, conception, or actual size. The majority of painters paint for exhibitions, with the hope of a final resting-place on the walls of a public gallery. I wrote the other day of the Royal Academy that its exhibitions breathe a great desire to please. But to please whom? The vagueness of the desire, the indefiniteness of the appeal, make for weakness and failure. Painters paint for the great public, which really is quite indefinite itself as to what it wants; and therefore pictures for the most part fit into no recognised place, answer to no one's want in particular. And the desire to please is no guarantee of pleasing; more often than not in life we see it having the reverse effect.

The changed relation of the artist to society is the subject of the most interesting chapter in Max Nordau's recent book on Art and Artists; a book full of noise and violence, with no connected view, but having here and there a shrewd or suggestive saying that redeems it; and as Nordau is a writer who has the ear of a large audience in Europe, it may be worth while to consider his attitude for a moment. He begins with an attack on the theory of "art for art's sake." All history, he says, cries out against this theory and condemns it. In quite primeval times, it is true, the work of art served merely to relieve its author's nervous system and to unburden his mind of a compelling idea. The artist had no thought of anyone outside himself. But this, says Nordau, was only true of the cave-dweller of the earliest ages of mankind.

With the beginnings of civilisation a change comes over the artist's attitude. The unconscious aim of his efforts is not to find relief from an emotional tension: he strives after the voluptuous feeling of flattered amour propre; he thinks of his public; he anticipates his success. Society, then, seeing how important a share it has in the artist's creations, forces its tastes on him and insists on his working, not for himself, but for it. "Where is the work?", cries our author, "that has been achieved purely for self-satisfaction, for the relief of the artist's nerves? Where is the work that is only to serve beauty? I cannot see it; but what I do see is that all known works serve some purpose of society". He appeals to history. The Greek sculptors and poets glorify the gods, the kings, the commonwealth. In the middle ages and the Renaissance, the artist works for the Church or for the nobles, to make visible the teachings of religion or to impose on the populace a strong notion of the superiority of its leaders; or, later, to enrich and brighten existence for a wealthy patron. In modern times, a great change has been wrought, upon the surface. The artist has won free from the old limitations. The professional critic has become his judge, the mass of people his Mæcenas. "Universal suffrage has dethroned Church and royalty, and remains the artist's only patron". But the people, this new Mæcenas, is not different from the priests and kings of old in demanding that art should please and flatter it. It demands pleasure and flattery, but it demands something more. The division of labour, the extreme specialisation, which modern conditions of life have made inevitable, cramp, thwart, and crush the expansion of human personality. The function of art demanded of it by democracy is to correct this degradation, to liberate the prisoner of labour and restore to him the dignity of manhood. The artist must raise the people in their own eyes, and teach them to respect themselves.

Such is Nordau's account of the essential conditions of modern art; and the sculptor Constantin Meunier seems to him the ideal type of the modern artist.

There is a great deal of crudity in this statement of theory, and a good deal of confusion. A portrait of the author is prefixed to the volume, and in the bland expression of this portrait we seem to detect the self-complacency of the man who has proved to his own satisfaction that art exists to flatter him and his fellows; that he, and such as he, are the final arbiters to whom artists must make appeal. But there is, in fact, a falsity in the opposition which he has set up between the artist who works for his own satisfaction and the artist who serves society or humanity. For he totally ignores the cases where the artist satisfies the innate demands of the world simply by expressing the fulness of his own humanity; his own satisfaction and that of his public coincide. And this is the case with the very greatest artists. Nordau also overlooks the fact that those who set out to please a public never master or fascinate it as others can do by absolute devotion to an ideal within them. Even the desire to preach, to improve occasions with an eye upon an audience, weakens the hold an artist has on the world. It is just the doctrinaire element in Meunier which cheapens and takes something from the force of his powerful art, though it makes it easier for Max Nordau to be eloquent about him. The delicate and complex psychology of a true artist can never be the subject of more than imperfect analysis, and certainly Nordau's efforts to lay it bare are not triumphant. But he does well to set us thinking on the part which the conscious or unconscious demand from outside plays in the artist's production.

M. Gaston Paris, in his admirable essay on the legend of Tristan and Iseult, made a true distinction between the demands on an epic and on a lyric poem. From the lyric we require no more than the sincere expression of the poet's feeling, however troubled, rebellious, or strange; but from epic, as from drama, we require conceptions which harmonise with the main current of human ideas about life. A rich and sane humanity is indispensable for the latter kind of production, over and above technical gift. It would be salutary if some such distinction as this, which poetic tradition inherits from the Greeks, were recognised in pictorial art. The weakness of the great mass of contemporary painting is that its producers are neither possessed by an inward conviction of beauty, nor controlled by a definite demand from without. They aim at producing what they think the public wants; but no one knows what the public wants, it does not know itself. A modern public gallery ought to have something more than well-painted pictures; the works chosen for it should be of enduring, central human interest. But instead of this, how much triviality do we find, how much that is merely a vague propitiation of the unknown, doomed to bore and irritate posterity. This is what for long has been the bane of the Royal Academy; and we see it reflected in the selections made by the academic Trustees of the Chantrey Fund. This year it would seem that the purchases, once again all chosen from the current Academy exhibition, have been designed to propitiate criticism, while at the same time pleasing the public and also the Academy itself. There is surely just enough of Whistler in Mr. Campbell Taylor's accomplished "Rehearsal", just enough of Rodin in Mr. MacKinnon's "Earth and the Elements", to show that the Chantrey Trustees at once maintain tradition and march with the times! But, to say the truth, none of the works chosen is as good as we have a right to require. Mr. Campbell Taylor has hitherto painted on a small scale; this year he paints on a scale quite four times too large for his subject; and the same reflection might also be made as to the price given—a thousand pounds. We are bound to remember the strong injunctions of Chantrey's will, and to ask if the works chosen are of the highest quality obtainable. Emphatically they are not.

LAURENCE BINYON.

READING PLAYS ALOUD.

MUCH art is needed in this matter. In my time, I have heard many plays read, both by authors and by actors, but have heard few read well. I have grown to dread these readings. My heart sinks when with a gleaming eye the actor, or with an apologetic eye the author, fingering the first of those too, too numerous neat crisp type-written pages, seeks to explain to me the exact position of the doors and windows, and the exact nature of the high-backed settee whereon a person seated would be perfectly visible to the audience, but not necessarily so to anyone on the stage. I nod intelligently, however; and the reader, reassured, clears his throat, says "Well then!" and begins. For a little while my attention does not wander from the dialogue; but ere long I begin to compare the number of pages that have been turned with the number of pages that have *not* been turned, and to work out little sums in rule of three, with an eye on the clock. Disheartening little sums! I presently cancel them, and let my mind dwell on things in general. But all the while my face wears an expression of animated receptivity—at least, I think so and hope so—and my occasional murmurs and ejaculations, though automatic, are never inappropriate, being, indeed, of a kind that might mean anything. In the pauses between the acts I find that the epithet "Capital!", uttered repeatedly in different tones, carries me through quite well; but when, at the conclusion of the play, I am asked for my valuable opinion on this or that point, my ingenuity is put to a test which is sometimes a trifle too hard for it; and I think I have seen more than once, in the course of my persistent declarations that I wouldn't have a word altered, a shade of suspicion come darkening the eyes of my questioner—suspicion which doubtless changes to certainty when the play, having been produced somewhere, is conscientiously slated here.

Once or twice (I hasten to say in self-defence) the difference between my oral and my written opinion has not been due to inattention. Once or twice I have heard a play really well read—read so well that I had to listen, and was enthralled, and had a genuine conviction that all was well with the play itself. A really good reader can make a play seem much better than it is. But I do not fancy that more than a very few of the many bad plays produced owe their production to this fact. For to read a play really well is the rarest of accomplishments. The ordinary dramatist reads shockingly. In the self-consciousness induced by his own work, and by the knowledge that he has no histrionic power, he takes refuge in that monotonous sing-song with which a poet utters a sonnet. The ordinary actor fails for an opposite reason. He is too histrionic. He throws himself so vividly and so violently into the manners and emotions of the various characters that all illusion flies from us. He cannot help acting as though he were on the stage. As he is reading in a room, and is dressed all the while like an ordinary citizen (or more or less like one) and not in an ever-changing sequence of costumes appropriate to the various persons of the play, his lack of restraint is quite fatal to his purpose. I well remember the reading of a play by a very virile old actor who assumed, whenever he was impersonating the heroine, a high falsetto voice. It is one of the few occasions on which I have found myself compelled to listen. Unfortunately the play was of a tragic character, so that the pent-up mirth which at last irresistibly burst forth, and would not cease till sheer exhaustion silenced me, caused rather grave offence to an artist for whom I had a profound respect. Of course, that falsetto voice is an extreme instance; but the question is only of degree. More or less of absurdity is inevitable when the reader of a play forgets the difference between a room and a stage, and between himself and a "cast" in costume. His aim, which should be to make us forget that difference, can be achieved only by striking a mean between the inexpressiveness of the reader who is not an actor and the complete expressiveness to which an actor is naturally tempted. In a word, he must work by *suggestion*. There must be no violent changes of voice or face or manner. The characters

and their doings must, if they are to illude us, be but indicated.

This is a secret well understood by Mlle. Marie de Nys, a young actress who, on certain Thursday afternoons, is giving a series of public readings "dans le salon de Lady Sassoon". It was on the Thursday of last week that I attended; and I doubt whether M. de Zamacois' comedy "Les Bouffons", which was the play chosen by Mlle. de Nys, would have illuded me half so much on the stage of the Théâtre Sarah-Bernhardt. Sitting at a table, with the play held in both her hands, Mlle. de Nys made no gestures whatsoever, and seldom raised her voice above the pitch of ordinary conversation. Yet never for a moment did she lose her hold over her audience. By the mere flexibility of a charming voice and face, both of them exact instruments for a finely flexible intelligence, the actress accomplished all that could have been accomplished by the best of mounting and acting and stage-management. The illusion she gave was so perfect that it was only after she had finished that one became conscious of her art. She is, indeed, a serious rival to theatres; and, were it not that I have no wish to damage theatrical enterprise, I should strongly advise you to go and hear her. Her next appearance will be on Thursday, 20 June, at 3.30. She will read "Monna Vanna" and "les billets peuvent être obtenus en écrivant à Mlle. Marie de Nys, 27 Graham Street, Eaton Square, S.W."

MAX BEERBOHM.

LINNÆUS.

TWO HUNDRED years ago—May 23, 1707—"just in the loveliest spring when the cuckoo heralded summer between the months of frondescence and florescence", there was born in a tiny Swedish parsonage Carl Linnæus. It is needless here to recount the story of his life or to set out the long roll of works that won for him a place in the Valhalla not of the North alone but of the world. Everyone knows that Linnæus was held in the highest honour by the learned and by many of the unlearned of his time, and none can fail to acknowledge the extraordinary respect paid to his methods and his works for many a subsequent year. We may however more profitably enquire why it is that to-day, just two centuries after his birth, his memory is being celebrated by assemblages of eminent men not only in Upsala and Stockholm, but in London and in New York.

It is not merely that Linnæus was "botanicorum princeps", nor that he was also distinguished as a zoologist, enough of a mineralogist to be termed "le fondateur de cristallographie" by no less a man than Haüy, and an acute observer in other branches of natural science; not merely that to his genius he joined a geniality that made him loved as well as honoured; something more than profundity of learning, vivacity of style, or expansiveness of heart is needed to account for the still living fame of Linnæus. Many a man of learning and of influence on learning, who has enriched the world, is known to us now only by research through musty volumes and the vague traditions of his disciples. But Linnæus is far from this mythologic greatness: he is still an active force.

The Linnean classification of plants according to their sexual characters, great step in advance though it was, was but a step in a forward march that Linnæus himself foresaw. His system of the animal kingdom bears but slight relation to the elaborate schemes of modern zoologists. His arrangement of rocks, minerals, and fossils was ineffectual from the first. What then is the secret of Linnæus?

The answer is simple, and, to any reader of his works, obvious. The secret of Linnæus was system. He entered on his labours at a time when a mass of material, "rudis indigestaque moles", piled up by the industry of generations, threatened to bury the natural sciences beneath its unbalanced weight. He set to work to discover in the objects themselves characters that should enable them to be classified by successive steps. If the groups into which he could thus distribute the objects were approved by common sense as "natural" divisions, so much the better; but the

essential thing for him was to define, to classify, to pigeon-hole, so that the material might be handled conveniently, and to establish a universal system into which both objects already known and new discoveries might be sorted with ease and rapidity. Clearness and brevity formed the soul of his method. Everything cumbersome, indefinite, and speculative was eschewed. What a contrast to previous lucubrations was his "Philosophia Botanica"! Never a book with "Philosophy" in its title had so little theory between its covers. All is in epigrammatic sentences:—

Methodi naturalis fragmenta studiose inquirenda sunt. Natura non facit saltus.

Species tot numeramus, quot diversæ formæ in principio sunt creatæ.

Genera tot dicimus, quot similes constructæ fructificationes proferunt diversæ Species naturales.

Quæ in uno genere ad Genus stabilendum valent, minime idem in altero necessario præstant.

Dubia potius omittenda, quam dubie defendenda.

And these are all tabulated in categories, duly subordinated, and each numbered for reference.

The method of classification is simply an extension to natural objects of the old logical divisions: the Kingdom divided into Classes; the Classes into Orders; the Orders into Families; Families into Genera; and Genera into Species. Each class comprises objects possessing certain characters in common, so that a newly found object is at once referred to its class by the characters it presents. Then by other characters it is referred to its order, and so on down to the species. To attain brevity in his descriptions and definitions, Linnæus did not hesitate to invent numerous technical terms—"termini artis"; but, unlike his modern imitators, he was careful to compound his new words from Greek or Latin roots, in accordance with the genius of those languages. Hence his terms were readily intelligible to a cultivated public. He was equally careful in the names that he selected for the various categories of his classification, aiming always at elegance and brevity, and abhorring all sesquipedalian words and such meaningless combinations as find favour with the apparently illiterate systematists of to-day.

Although the classificatory divisions from classes to genera had each its peculiar name, consisting of a single word, yet, for some reason hard to imagine, the species long remained with Linnæus, as with his predecessors, designated only by a sentence expressing the essential characters through which it differed from other species of the genus. The specific name, in fact, was a condensed diagnosis. This was exceedingly cumbersome, and hindered the publication of comparative lists. Therefore it was not long before Linnæus was compelled to follow the usage of the vulgar and to invent for each species a "trivial name". But, since it would pass the wit of man to remember or even to invent a separate trivial name for each species of animal and plant, he made the name of the species consist of the generic and trivial names in combination. This binominal system of nomenclature at once gave additional precision by releasing the specific diagnosis from excessive brevity, and its substitution of a universal symbol for the over-weighted phrase provided distant correspondents with a compact medium of exchange.

Furnished thus with comprehensive classifications of the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, with an orderly method by which those classifications could be extended, and with convenient systems of terminology and nomenclature, the naturalists, first of Sweden, and then of the civilised world, were not slow to follow the example of Linnæus, to travel, observe, collect, describe, and classify with an enthusiasm that remains unexhausted after a century and a half. The original systems have expanded to receive the many thousands of species, both living and extinct, now described, and though they have been frequently modified, the Linnean methods of classification and nomenclature remain in use. The truly remarkable fact, however, is not that they have accommodated themselves to this increase of knowledge, but that they have survived a complete change in our point of view. Linnæus and his contemporaries believed that there were as many species

as had in the beginning been created, and that they were therefore absolutely distinct. They aimed no doubt at something called a "natural system", but it does not appear that they imagined any material nexus between the members of a natural group. A system was natural in so far as the characters selected as criteria resulted in divisions that corresponded with common sense, or that displayed the greatest possible number of obviously similar characters—a sort of "greatest common measure". The acceptance of the theory of evolution has led us to regard as "natural" a classification that expresses actual relationship. There should be between the members of a group that physical bond which is due to descent from a common ancestor. We believe that families and genera are no mental abstractions, taking form from the peculiarities of the human intellect, but representations of concrete fact. Yet this very closeness of connexion that gives reality to our systematic concepts serves also to obliterate distinctions and to induce great uncertainty as to the limits of divisions, especially of species. On the one hand we find that apparently similar forms of life are descended from quite different stocks, or that a single stock has produced forms of strange diversity, so that the simple characterisations and clean-cut diagnoses of the Linnean method no longer avail to present the facts. On the other hand the infinite gradations, local races, varieties, time mutations, and other annectant forms render the simplicity of a binominal nomenclature inadequate to the strain now placed upon it.

If the Linnean system has persisted so long, and if it is to endure longer, it is by virtue not of its naturalness, but of its artificiality. Linnæus himself realised its artificial and practical character. It is an ingenious method of manipulating the infinite variety of nature, a kind of language or shorthand that enables fellow-workers to communicate their ideas. But any attempt to make it take the place of ideas will end in disaster. Let the reformer invent another system if he will; but let him first master the sane and sound principles on which the Linnean system was built up during a full life of incessant labour by a great genius.

CHESS.

THE following capital game was played at Blackpool in the Easter Championship Tournament of the Northern Counties Union. The sacrificing combination is so original and daring that sometimes one might be tempted to doubt whether it was deliberate. We can say with certainty that, although in our opinion black could not possibly have foreseen the end, he deserves full credit for having the courage to rely on intuition and judgment where exhausting analysis would be almost impossible.

QUEEN'S GAMBIT DECLINED.

White	Black	White	Black
V. L. Wahltagh	G. Shories	V. L. Wahltagh	G. Shories
1. P-Q4	P-Q4	5. Kt x P	P-K4
2. P-QB4	P-K3	6. Kt-B3	P-Q5
3. Kt-QB3	P-QB4	7. Kt-Q5	Kt-QB3
4. Kt-B3	BP x P	8. P-K3	

White's troubles arise through neglecting to make a necessary move first. As this move must be played, it should have been made on the fourth move, instead of Kt-KB3.

9. . . .	Kt-B3	15. B-B4	Q-K2
9. Kt x Kt ch	Q x Kt	16. B-Kt2	B-Kt5 ch
10. P x P	P-K5	17. K-B	P-QKt3
11. Kt-K5	Kt x Kt	18. P-QR3	B-QB4
12. P x Kt	Q x P	19. R-K	B-Kt2
13. Q-Kt3	B-QB4	20. Q-B2	P-B4
14. P-KKt3	Castles	21. P-KR4	QR-Q

Under great pressure such a move might be made in the hope that the acceptance of the sacrifice would bring relief. But here black is a pawn to the good with a superior position, and therefore has a reasonable prospect of winning without incurring the slightest risk of losing. The adoption of this method of winning is masterly, because it is the quickest way to bring about a crisis favourable to black.

22. B-Kt5	Q-KB2	24. K-Kt	
23. B x R	R x B		

If the king remains on the same line as black's queen, P-B5 is very embarrassing. If 24. Q-QB1 then P-B5. 25. Q x P, Q-B5 ch. 26. K-Kt1, R-KB1 wins easily. The action of white's pieces is completely paralysed.

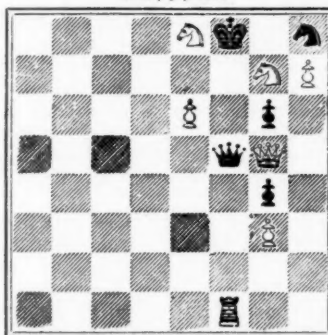
24. . . .	P-B5	26. R-K2	P-K6
25. P x P	Q x P		

A beautiful forcing move.

27. B x B	R-Q7	30. K-B1	R-Q8 ch
28. Q-K4	Q x Q	31. K-Kt2	R-Kt8 ch
29. B x Q	P x P ch	32. K-R2	P-B8 = Kt ch
		33. Resigns	

PROBLEM 119. By BARON WARDENER.

Black, 5 pieces.



White, 7 pieces.

White to mate in two moves.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CZECH NATIONALITY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

20 May, 1907.

SIR,—I have read with great interest your valuable article entitled "Slav Politics in Austria". May I, however, as a Bohemian be allowed to express strong dissent from the opinion almost general, I think, in England, according to which the strength of the Czech nationality is broken or at least permanently weakened in consequence of the recent general election?

This view is widely circulated by the "inspired" press of Berlin and Vienna, which affirms that which it hopes to be true.

Among the socialists elected in Bohemia many belong to what we call the National-Socialist party, and these men are as devoted to their nationality as are the other Bohemians. The fact that they hold extreme views does not disprove this. In the period of Bohemia's greatness—that of the Hussite wars—the government of the country was purely democratic, and the constitution of the famed Taborite community was founded on what we should now call a socialistic basis. Bohemians of all classes are taught these facts at school, and they treasure them in their memories.

It should also be mentioned that many men who do not hold socialist views voted for socialist candidates at the recent election. They would never have wavered in their confidence in the former leader of the Czech party, the recently deceased Dr. Edward Grégr, but they distrusted Dr. Kramár. Dr. Kramár's acceptance of a Reform Bill which indeed granted a vote to the Bohemian workman, but gave it a lesser value than the vote of a German workman, was by many—and I think rightly—considered as a consent given by him to a deminutio capitis of the Czech nationality.

I remain, Sir,

Yours faithfully,

LÜTZOW, Ph.D., D.D. Litt.

THE IRISH COUNCIL AND SINN FEIN.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Dublin, 20 May, 1907.

SIR,—Your correspondent "G. B.", in the REVIEW of the 18th inst., states with perfect accuracy the attitude of the Sinn Fein party towards Mr. Birrell's Bill. But he is not quite on such sure ground when he says

that the Bill "represents the very minimum that could be asked for by the most moderate reformers in Ireland". This sentence suggests that the Bill is, from the Irish reformers' point of view, drafted on the right lines but not extensive enough. But a careful scrutiny of the newspapers representing various phases of Irish Nationalism leads to the conclusion that such a suggestion is not quite accurate. The paper "Sinn Fein", for example, makes the point that to put the Irish Local Government Board and its operations under the control of such a Council as Mr. Birrell proposes to erect will pave the way for a great deal of jobbery.

It seems clear that many Nationalists think the Bill not only too restricted, but actually mischievous within its own limits. The Sinn Fein party, if I understand them correctly, object to it on both these grounds. If, as they say, the Bill is not worth having, surely their case against the Parliamentary party (assuming the Bill not to pass into law) will be not that that party in alliance with English Liberals was unable to pass a bad Bill, but that it was unable to pass an advanced Home Rule Bill. But no doubt "G. B." is right in predicting that if the Bill is rejected, the Sinn Fein will turn the occasion to advantage as against Mr. Redmond and Mr. Dillon.

But supposing the Bill to pass into law—the hypothesis on which the sentence from your leading article cited by "G. B." was evidently based—then the Sinn Fein party will have guarded themselves against expressing any gratitude to English Liberals or commendation of Parliamentary Nationalists: in other words, they will not be in any way deflected from their present irreconcilable attitude. None the less they will find a popularly elected body in Dublin (the nominated element is not large enough to count) with considerable powers of spending public money in Ireland and of managing Irish local affairs. They will have an Irish Council ready made, of a strongly Nationalist complexion, kindly provided for them by the Imperial Government. This body will be a much more effective machine in their hands than the extra-constitutional "Council of Three Hundred" (to consist of Nationalist M.P.s, representatives of the County Councils, and co-opted members) which they have already proposed to establish for themselves. For their imaginary Council would be able to act only so far as Irish local bodies and individuals chose to attend to its resolutions, whereas Mr. Birrell's Council (on which some Sinn Fein enthusiasts could certainly secure seats) would have legal power to do various things which extreme Nationalists wish to do.

If there is anything in my argument, it will be seen that the fact that the Sinn Fein people are at present hotly opposing Mr. Birrell's Bill (whatever their motive may be) does not in the least remove the danger that, if the Bill were passed, it would, as you implied—greatly facilitate—in fact bring into the sphere of practical politics—the policy advocated in the Sinn Fein pamphlet called "The Resurrection of Hungary: a Parallel for Ireland". The views ably stated in that pamphlet cannot possibly be ignored by anyone who proposes to tinker with the existing system of Irish Government.

Yours faithfully,

A MUNSTER UNIONIST.

THE LIBERALS AND THE EMPIRE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Epping Forest, 22 May.

SIR,—Your statement that the colonies now understand the value of Liberal professions seems to me to point the one indisputable lesson of the Colonial Conference.

The Government is true to Liberal traditions. During 1880-5 the Gladstone régime set nearly every colony by the ears and induced agitation of the most dangerous character throughout India. There was no sympathy between the Whigs and the colonies; there is none between the Radicals and the colonies; when they claim credit for having given the colonies self-government they are careful not to mention that they did so because they regarded British dependencies as encumbrances and wanted to assist them to separation, and

now that they have had a chance of removing the impression which history has left they have adopted the old narrow view. They hurt the susceptibilities of Australasia over the New Hebrides question; they brought about a Ministerial crisis in Natal; they have stirred Newfoundland to the depths by their American prepossessions; they cannot be held altogether blameless for the economic troubles on the Rand; sedition in India has derived encouragement from a steadfast belief that a Liberal Secretary of State would not take extreme measures; they invited the colonial Premiers to London only to oppose every colonial suggestion which aimed at drawing closer the imperial tie; and they have paved the way to closer relations between the foreigner and at least one great colony.

I am, yours, &c.,

OBSERVER.

THE PARDON OF MR. EDALJI.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Brighton, 18 May, 1907.

SIR,—The pardon granted in this case is very unsatisfactory. If Mr. Edalji has neither been proved to be guilty nor innocent it is like the Scotch law says "not proven", and he is entitled to discharge from custody "without a stain upon his character", and also to compensation. He cannot be both innocent and guilty, which the report of the investigation of his case implies.

What was there to prevent him receiving a pardon by Act of Parliament, which is usually most beneficial to the recipient, as the case is not only exceptional to justify it but remarkable? It would be the most meritorious "Act" of this Parliament, give great satisfaction to the public and his native land, and be "properly considering the case in an exceptional manner" as the report suggests it should be.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

B. R. THORNTON.

THE HUMANITIES OF GOLF.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Glasgow, 22 May, 1907.

SIR,—In your issue of 18th inst. you state that the Scotch have been behind the Saxon in the making of books: that Vardon and Taylor were first in the field.

I think you overlook the fact that the first professional golfer who contributed to the literature of the game was Willie Park of Musselburgh (champion 1887-9), whose "Game of Golf" was published by Longmans, Green and Co. in 1896.

Park writes in a broad-minded spirit, and attaches a reasonable importance to the individual fads of different golfers. His book appears to me to contain everything of an instructive nature that requires to be written on the game.

I am, &c.,

H. W. AITKEN.

SIR RICHARD BURTON AND JOHN PAYNE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

20 May, 1907.

SIR,—There is an old Greek proverb, which when translated into possible English, says "Speak nothing but good of the dead". And, should moral courage be wanting to do as much as this by one who had the pleasure, if not the honour, of knowing in a friendly way, not only the heroic person whose august name is at the head of this letter, but that of his highly gifted wife also?

Quite recently the unqualified admirers of the late Sir Richard Burton have been pained to the quick, by seeing in a weekly journal whose pages are devoted to literature an audacious statement from a third person, signing his name Thomas Wright. With some of us it is not at all times possible to reconcile certain statements which have a picturesqueness about them, when latent assertions are as hideous, and as heinous, as any human creature may frame.

In the first place we are told by Thomas Wright, in his preface to "his" Life of Sir Richard Burton, that a

certain person had "testified to Burton's personal charm and his marvellous powers" with an extension of the predicate which affirmed that, "he (i.e. Sir Richard) was a much valued and loved friend, and I have of him none but the most delightful recollections". All this is said to come from Swinburne.

I would write, Sir Richard was a personal friend of the late Lord Leighton for a number of years, and they were so drawn together by the sacred bond of friendship that his lordship mostly stayed with Sir Richard and Lady Burton, when they stood within a few hundred miles of each other. Furthermore, I would say, the late Lord Leighton painted as a votive offering to friendship that remarkable portrait of Sir Richard, which I have no hesitation in saying is the most vigorous portrait ever painted of any man—standing next the "Uffizi" portrait of his lordship, the chef d'œuvre of this princely President of the Royal Academy. In this place I have enough courage to ask, fired as I am by the marvellous etching made from this wondrous portrait of Sir Richard hanging before mine eyes—a true portrait with such intensity about it, that whosoever may contemplate the same with the eyes of the mind turned inwardly (the same being honourable men) cannot fail to find moving within the breast that spirit of ancient chivalry which bids them emulate all he strove to accomplish with so much valour, grace and dignity! Sir! In this place, knowing as you do the high-minded character of the late Lord Leighton of Stretton, I am bold to ask would his lordship have painted the portrait of Sir Richard Burton (a friend, I fully believe, of close upon thirty years' standing, thereby knowing by ample opportunity the class of man Sir Richard Burton was) had he thought for one moment "Burton's 'Arabian Nights' is the most bare-faced and stupendous piece of plagiarism in literature"?

Sir, what think you reposes within the breast of your correspondent, if it is not that which is chivalrous for the good name of a man (although dead as regards this flesh), which is superb with a deathless veneration for the several achievements which Sir Richard Burton accomplished for the lasting good of our country, while his services in the cause of the Republic of Letters proves the never to be controverted fact that the pen is mightier than the sword?

Again, so great is the personality of Sir Richard Burton, that no person has to be reminded of his true greatness—a man whose name shall stand for evermore, side by side with that of Livingstone and General Gordon. Sir Richard was always courteous, and being in form and stature of a man who thoroughly knew how to conduct himself as a gentleman, it need hardly be said he had no time to bestow upon those petty performances which may only be connived at by those standing in their shoes who do not tower much above five-foot nothing—being too great to stoop to be little, while his intellect was simply herculean. I now come to the most astounding assertion of Thomas Wright's. In a contemporary of 6 April last is printed a letter of Thomas Wright's (which sprang into being over the notice of his self-styled "Authentic Life of Walter Pater"). In this obnoxious letter the several performances of a person of the name of John Payne are lauded to the skies, while Sir Richard Burton's "Arabian Nights" is spoken of as "the most bare-faced and stupendous piece of plagiarism in literature . . . saying, Pater stole nothing from Mr. Jackson".

Most certainly, to a man, every reader of certain statements in Wright's Life of Sir Richard Burton would have been pleased to consider the same in the light of a kind of lapsus calami, since it must ever be the case with those to stumble and fall in several ways, never having known (nor been in correspondence with) those whose lives they presume to dish up in a fragmentary sort of manner—which at best can only resemble that form of rust which is peculiar, and alone to be found upon copper or brass. This charge which Thomas Wright brings against Sir Richard, is a cruel charge, since he is not in the flesh to defend himself. But how comes all this about, that the Republic of Letters only hears of this through a third person—from him who says in this letter of 6 April last, "had I not been an enthusiastic admirer of Mr. Payne I should not have founded the John Payne Society".

What audacity is all this? In the first part of this letter of 6 April (which is the date on which it appeared in the "Academy") Mr. Wright says, "I am sorry Mr. Dodge refers to the distinguished scholar, poet and translator, Mr. John Payne, in these terms. Surely Mr. Dodge is aware that Mr. Payne is the translator not only of 'The Arabian Nights', but also of Villon, Boccaccio, Omar Khayyam, Hafiz and Bandello, and that his 'Flowers of France' is the delight of scholars. Mr. Payne is not only one of the first of living poets, but also the greatest translator that England has ever produced. . . . Every reading man knows Mr. Payne as a great scholar, poet and translator."

While all this jargon may be instructive, it is far more amusing as a flight of fancy in the region of romance, since Thomas Wright appears to flabbergast men of letters by the assumption that those who are not of his form of intellect are less informed than himself. And, your correspondent would inquire of Mr. Thomas Wright, with all the humility of Uriah Heep, how he arrived at his conclusions respecting the Colossus John Payne, since he never discovered Thomas Wright was conversant with any one formation of any single letter of any Oriental language whatsoever, so that he might place the same upon paper—much less that the grammar of French, Dutch, German, Greek, Latin, or Italian (never to mention Hebrew) was in part known to himself. Your correspondent stayed with Mr. Wright at his residence the inside of a week, and therefore had ample opportunity of discovering the sort of linguist he was: in fact he only had two 36mo. books in a foreign tongue which he presented to myself because he could not read them: which are in Latin. But what can this John Payne be thinking of, when he permits this Thomas Wright, not knowing a single Oriental tongue, to found a society in his honour? For what can be the use of enthusiasm when not one person in fifty thousand is capable of entering into the beauty of language, when the idiom, or more properly speaking, the style of sentiment of a dead language is utterly unintelligible to persons conversant with the several tongues of Europe? Oriental studies, generally, require something more than the "gift of the gab", of which Mr. Wright prides himself so much, being, as he calls himself, the "founder of the John Payne Society". Who is John Payne?

In the Civil Pension List I find noted down a person receiving a pension of one hundred pounds a year for certain services, of the same names with those of this John Payne. The men of letters who have a predilection for other than the "Wright form of biography" are not going to take back-answers from Thomas Wright. They demand of John Payne, himself, the truth of the assertions, the exact particulars of all the grievances caused by Sir Richard Burton, since he permits a third person to call Sir Richard Burton's "Arabian Nights" "the most bare-faced and stupendous piece of plagiarism in literature".

RICHARD C. JACKSON F.S.A. (Scotia).

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

18 Sinclair Road, Kensington, 22 May, 1907.

SIR,—Will you permit me as an Oriental to offer a solemn protest against the assertion (without proof from John Payne himself) of Thomas Wright contained in the "Academy" of 6 April last, branding as a literary thief the very greatest of modern scholars as he does in the person of Sir Richard Burton K.C.M.G.?

I think I am perfectly right in saying that before he took the matter of Oriental studies in hand in England the whole thing was but very imperfectly known.

Of course there have been a few Englishmen, as in the sixteenth century, who dabbled in such matters, but no one has brought the study of Oriental languages and interest in its literature to such perfection as Sir Richard, who is now branded in the way I state, not by the person immediately concerned, but by the third person above named.

Yours truly,

H. M. SHAIRANI,
Munshi Fazil.

REVIEWS.

OLD AND YOUNG CHINA.

"Signs and Portents in the Far East." By Everard Cotes. London: Methuen. 1907. 7s. 6d.

MR. EVERARD COTES is an Anglo-Indian journalist who had evidently studied Far Eastern politics with considerable care before starting on the stereotyped tour through China and Japan. As he did not take more than a few weeks over the whole journey, stopping a few days at each place, asking the stock questions which the tourist usually does ask, and travelling over more or less familiar ground, neither the descriptions of his experiences nor his opinions on general subjects are of any special value; but in his opening chapter, and in various subsequent portions of his book, he enunciates certain theories and offers some suggestions with regard to the significance of the new activity in China that open up an interesting field for speculation. These activities are particularly noticeable in the spread of militarism at the inspiration and under the fostering care of Yuan Shih-K'ai, certainly the most enlightened and practical Viceroy that has come to the front in China for many decades. They display themselves also in the universal desire for education on Western lines as manifested by the establishment of schools for the teaching of foreign languages, and especially of the English language, in every prefectural city and other important town from one end of the empire to the other. The demand, again, for translations of European handbooks of science and of general knowledge is increasing to an almost incredible degree. Another and still more significant symptom is the steady growth of a party known as the "Young China" party, which refuses to be silenced, in spite of persecution and the strenuous efforts for its suppression made by the representatives of the old system, who see in the projects of these reformers the elements of grave danger to their time-honoured privileges and opportunities of enrichment. This struggle between the reform party and the representatives of the old conservatism is one of more serious import than is perhaps apparent to the general observer. At one time the reformers seemed to have matters all their own way, and if at the present moment their power appears to be on the wane it would be a mistake to imagine that they are by any means effectually suppressed. It is hardly to be wondered at that the Dowager Empress, who at one time seemed to favour their views, should more than once have been induced to call a halt. There can be little doubt that the movement is anti-dynastic at root, and many hundreds of thoughtful Chinese are convinced that an upheaval is not far distant in which there will be a life-and-death struggle between Chinese and Manchu that will affect the whole constitution and the whole future of China, ending in the triumph of the apostles of progress over the effete and corrupt rule of the Manchus. That rule has grown worse with each succeeding reign and has crushed the empire under its heel for the past century and more.

It is easy to trace the source of these activities. No one can question that it is to Japan and to her marvellous development that they owe their origin and their growth, but the interest of this growth lies in the possibilities of the future. In material resources and in men, as Mr. Cotes points out, there is the making of nine Japans in one China, and an illustration of what the Chinese would be able to achieve under an efficient government can be found in any of our Eastern possessions. In the Straits Settlements the extraordinary prosperity which has followed British rule would have been impossible without Chinese industry. In the Federated Malay States the Chinese miners are a great factor in an annual and growing trade of some thirteen millions sterling. In Burma the Chinese control much of the inland trade, and they are to be found in swarms from the coasts of Bengal to those of China proper. In short, wherever a Chinaman is permitted to set his foot he will go and he will prosper; he will be law-abiding and subservient under firm and just rule, and he is much more free with his money, when he has any, than he is generally supposed to be. If one could

imagine China itself ruled as British colonies are ruled, with righteous law for everyone, with honest administration and regular taxation, its potentialities would be immense. It is a notorious fact that not more than one-third of the taxes levied by Chinese officials finds its way into the Government purse, and it is equally notorious that China could raise ten times the revenue she now collects but does not obtain if she would only stimulate her trade and encourage the development of her natural resources under an honest system of administration. It is not the amount of taxes taken from him that the Chinaman objects to, but the irregularity of their incidence and the knowledge that most of what he does pay is stolen or misapplied. Under the new system of military organisation drawn up and partially carried out by Yuan Shih-K'ai provision is made for a standing army of 1,600 officers and some 24,000 men for each province, with double that number in reserve. Or, if Manchuria with its three provinces be included, China aims at possessing a standing army of 36,500 officers and more than half a million of men. These could easily be paid for and be made efficient if the one deterring element of official dishonesty were overcome. Yuan Shih-K'ai and the party he represents will overcome this element if he is not squeezed out of power by the strong Manchu faction that is opposed to him. At one time he is at the top, at another down, his political barometer depending on the whim or nervousness of the Empress Dowager; but if he can keep his head above water until—to employ a Chinese euphemism—his imperial mistress "ascends to be a guest on high", then the crucial moment will arrive that will decide his fate and possibly the fate of the Chinese Empire. If the reigning Emperor—who, by the way, has no reason to love his metropolitan Viceroy—can be persuaded to follow up the reforming tendencies which his imperial aunt so sternly repressed a few years ago, China is likely to make gigantic steps forward. If he does not, then perhaps a cataclysm will occur. But let us suppose, and the supposition is not too far-fetched, that the party of progress does prevail. What most people want to know is—what will be the result? Will it be the giving of life and breath to the Yellow Peril bogey, as some people seem to think? Is China going to turn the tables on the West, and with Japan as an ally to dictate terms to the world, and possibly to drive out the foreigner? It is rash to predict anything of Eastern peoples; one is so often wrong; but we will venture to express the opinion that, striving to obtain for their country a position that shall command the wholesome respect of the West, the party of Chinese progress aims at no more than the power which will enable their empire to resist the dictation of foreign nations, the arbitrary annexation of their territory, and attempts to invade those sovereign rights which every self-respecting country will sacrifice almost everything to maintain. The Yellow Peril from the point of view of Chinese aggression need not perhaps alarm us. From a commercial point of view there is some reason to believe that it may eventually assume life and activity. But even so, a developed and a well-governed China will add immensely to the world's resources, and will find profitable employment at home for the thousands who at present leave their own country not from choice but solely to earn the wherewithal to keep themselves alive.

In common with most travellers who have seen the Japanese at home, or acting in the capacity of school-master to their pupil Korea, Mr. Cotes has discovered that they do not present quite so attractive an aspect as when viewed through the tinted spectacles of the stay-at-home British enthusiast.

THE WOOD NOTE WILD.

"The Last Blackbird and other Lines." By Ralph Hodgson. London: George Allen. 1907. 3s. 6d.

THE smallest of red books but very much therein. . . . Some books are alive." To readers who remember their source and application and distinguish diamond from paste in poetry, these words need not seem quite extravagant applied to this collection of lines. But how many of those readers are there likely to be? If

all who admire alike diamond and paste in poetry—not being able to distinguish between them—were to buy a copy apiece of "The Last Blackbird" the book would have, no doubt, a large circulation. Its "first large impression" might be "exhausted" and its second be in the press before publication. If Miss Corelli and Mr. Caine were not gravely threatened as the greatest circulators on earth, Mr. Stephen Phillips at least would have to be re-boomed by his friends in fear of a rival; for there really is a large public, quite honest, and in many matters by no means unintelligent, with an enthusiasm for paste. What more natural than that there should be such a public? Paste is produced in large quantities both in England and America. To those who care for pretty trinkets and flashing colours, it is just as good as the real thing. Here the analogy between poetry and the precious stone is almost perfect. The diamond merchant or the pawnbroker can tell us that the colours of a diamond ring, rose-cut or brilliant, are not more numerous, and even the flash not brighter than with good paste. The paste will receive and break up a ray of light just as the finely cut diamond will. Hence paste is to the many—indeed to all of us who are not experts in precious stones—as good to look at as the diamond. But to the expert the two are utterly different. Go to a sale of jewelry. The dealers who are gathered there know at a passing glance what is paste and what is diamond. A flash tells them. The diamond has a certain "hardness"—to their knowing eye—which no paste can imitate. So it is with poetry. There is a great quantity of seeming poetry published to-day which resembles real poetry as closely as—to the unprofessional eye—paste resembles diamond. It is full of beautiful sickly sentiment about love, and the rain and the moon, the mist and the sheen of the stars, it is "temperamental"—Keltic and otherwise—subjective, mystic, and all the rest of the regular poetic stock-in-trade. How is the public to know that the pretty-looking stuff, run for all it is worth by those who wish to have a poet in their pocket, and boomed by the literary young man, is not mere paste? Not only the public indeed, many educated people to boot, are tickled by this alluring form of imitation jewelry. Unless a man has the natural instinct to distinguish real from false, or has unconsciously trained himself—in the early years that count so much—by reading real poetry of all sorts, he will never be able to judge for sure. Give him, for example, "Ulysses" and this booklet of Mr. Hodgson's—it is quite likely that he will think the first a good and the second a little amateur poet. Amateur, unimportant and unambitious, is probably what Mr. Hodgson will be taken for. Surely he is not the minor poet, but the minimus—fancy, he cannot with big print and large margins run to a hundred pages! And it is several years since "The Missel Thrush", his first poem, appeared in this review. Here's a costive Muse!

The world then is to-day so very full of imitation and paste in literature that it would need a Kimberley of real poets to make all at once any mark. Therefore we do not expect that Mr. Hodgson's humble little collection will "take on". But to people who care for what is good, who can read with pleasure lyrics—such as "Beauty Sprite", "The Hammers", and "To My Muse"—that come near to some of the choicest which Palgrave gave in his "Golden Treasury", this trifle of a book will be a quiet joy. It has no doubt its limitations. We must say it is not very human. There are things in the world besides blackbirds and moths and sedge birds and gnat dancers that we greatly need in poetry. Shelley called Wordsworth "Poet of Nature". But by how much would Wordsworth's value be lessened if the kindly human feeling were absent from his work! Poet of Nature he may have been, but his value after all is chiefly in the fact that he was poet of man. It was Arnold, we think, who defined great poetry as the criticism of life. That, if it means what it seems, might rule out the best of Shelley and so much of Keats. How in the world does "Life of Life" or "Ode to the West Wind" criticise life? It would put this little book quite outside the pale. Yet we need not go so far as Arnold in this saying appeared to go. A few at least, perhaps many, of the most valued poems are non-human. It would be ridiculous

to speak of "Kubla" as human; and, for "The West Wind", it is demonic. In any case it is a mercy that Mr. Hodgson has not been tempted by the example of half a dozen of the most talked about, most printed and most rising bards of to-day, to go in for Empire; and the veldt; and our Lady of Snows; and the Great White Queen; and red Russia; and purple Turkey—of which he would probably, like the others, make a hash.

It is good, too, that he has not tried the other fashion that pays in poetry to-day, the swooning love business. He only prints one love poem, "In Fancy Fair". It is a strangely moving and haunting thing; yet somehow one has half a suspicion whilst reading it that the author is partly jesting—tickled at the reader being touched by a pathos which he does not feel himself. If so, however, "In Fancy Fair" stands by itself among the serious poems in this book and among the humorous ones too. Somebody, who should be able to tell better, has said that these poems are of the head, not the heart. If there is one thing they are essentially not, the critic has hit on it! It might as well be said that the woodcuts of Mr. Hodgson's forbear, Thomas Bewick, were of the hand, not the heart. Both would be true in a small fraction no doubt, and both absurdly wrong on the whole. The critic thinks they were hammered out, and hence he concludes they are head work. Was not "Christabel" hammered out? Does anyone really believe that "eve's one star" or "Saturn quiet as a stone" were written slick off? And are there not hammers of the heart as of the head? No; whatever the flaws and deficiencies of these poems, this is not one of them. They have been intensely felt. They burn. And they have been intensely seen. They have been seen sometimes through the painted windows of a curious imagination, as "The Winds", which, by the way, despite its wood-wild bird note and its rich imagery does not instantly appeal to one as does "The Missel Thrush". Mr. Hodgson is a great hand at the birds. The redstart with its "flaring quill", the sedge warbler with its "thick chattered cheeps", the goldfinches—"gold winged exquisites that shine upon the yew in May"—the willow and the wood warblers—both touched off with a sort of witchery, the ribbon of lapwings, and the linnet giving the lie to blind Godless chance: what Bewick would have thought of them one cannot say, but a complete intimacy lives in each of these bird touches. There is no catching him out in birds. But we are not so sure about his geology. The down which he pities as though it were a kind of Tithonus in its eternal, weary age—is he right about its being "old as the dark"? We have a shrewd notion that it is just a chalk down, the work of—geologically—quite a late period. Whether a poet ought to be up in geology and know about the Cretaceous age is another matter.

THE ROAD TO CRIME.

"The Making of the Criminal." By Charles E. B. Russell and L. M. Rigby. London: Macmillan. 1906. 3s. 6d. net.

SO far back as 1874 Dr. Maudsley affirmed that criminals were as much manufactured articles as steam engines and calicoes, only the processes of their manufacture were so extremely complex that we could not follow them. Complex indeed all social problems are—each one, said Henry George, concealing a social wrong down at the bottom of it—but there is no need they should prove insoluble. Of old they did not search for facts and causes. These Mr. Podsnap pompously put aside, and Mrs. General refused to look upon, as being neither proper, placid nor pleasant, but indeed very troublesome; like conscience, and best lived without. Briefly they did not really want to save the castaways.

The Departmental Committee presided over by the present Home Secretary in 1894 found that the ages at which the majority of the habitual criminals were made lay between sixteen and twenty-one. The Prison Commissioners in their latest report say that forty per cent. of all found guilty of indictable offences are

juveniles under twenty-one. Thus when we read of some hardened offender who may have passed ten, twenty, even forty years in different prisons, let us remember that, in all probability, he was first handcuffed as a prisoner, and then passed through the penal processes, when he was but a lad who should have been at school. There is much truth in Clarence Darrow's saying, the criminal is always either the man we hate, or else he is the man we do not know.

But while the statisticians have been demonstrating the heavy crime-rate which prevails amongst the young, the book before us traces how they lapse. We are shown the street-child, dragged up anyhow and expected to muddle through somehow, drifting, from various causes, into idleness and degradation, and then we read of some of the reasons given for much of this, such as neglect by the mother, loss of the father, indulgence in drink, or the break-up of the home. And so the lad of seventeen may slide over the downward slope; too poor, and perhaps also too indisciplined, for the young men's clubs and polytechnic institutions, too old to be received at an industrial school or into a reformatory, he struggles to keep himself by casual work or pavement errantry, until one day the police capture him for sleeping out or some small breach of law.

Being brought up at the nearest police court, he might, on his first appearance, be discharged; he would then stand just where he did before, and very likely he would beg or sleep out again. When charged next time, he would receive a short term of imprisonment, and, at the end of it, be once more turned adrift in the old hopeless position, but with the new and heavy handicap of prison upon him, and, failing all other ways and possibilities of living, he may evolve into the unemployed and unemployable loafer, or he may harden to an active criminal.

The authors go on to show us what other Governments would do in more or less similar circumstances. For instance, in the United States such a stranded youth—or even a young man up to the age of thirty—might go to a reformatory for any period up to two years, or he could be placed in care of a probation officer. He would be taken in hand, they say, not so much for doing what he did, as for being what he was: a system advocated by Sir Robert Anderson. In Hungary he could be sent to a reformatory up to the age of twenty. In Germany he could have been placed under "guardianship education" and subjected to "upbringing under care" up to the age of eighteen. In Belgium there would stand the House of Refuge, while all over the Continent there are the agricultural work-colonies, and, as in Germany, well-organised and inter-communicating labour bureaux through which work-seekers are passed on till place is found for them.

The authors give many practical suggestions as to what should be done. A lad, they say, should be pulled up and really helped and given a new start the first time that he comes before a magistrate, and should not be thrown back upon the town. Ordinary imprisonment is the most futile of all measures, "for a punishment which deals with effects and does nothing to get to the root of the matter, and remove the causes which have produced and continue to produce them, can only be expected to prove idle and fruitless". They are full of praise for the new Borstal system which will henceforth be tried on all young prisoners, and will no doubt be more and more developed as time goes on. Their criticism of the old though still enduring efforts at penal repression is well expressed in this paragraph: "But our whole system is based on a mistaken principle: it is retrospective, not prospective, for it looks entirely to the past instead of to the future; it has in view the offence, not the offender; what he has done, not what he is; what he has failed to be, not what he may become." How different are these words of admonition, forged out of thought and practical experience, from the prison theories of the nineteenth century!

NAVAL WARFARE AND HISTORY.

"*Naval Policy: a Plea for the Study of War.*" By "Barfleure". London: Blackwood. 1907. 7s. 6d. net.

WHEN admirals bite their thumbs, plain people put on their hats and think about getting home. This nervousness is excusable, but seamen have informed us that there is no real cause for alarm; flag-officers never mistake the gun for the projectile; it takes a lot of ink to penetrate an oilskin; no admiral is without that useful article of kit, and if things come to the worst, every Englishman can rely upon his own thick skin. Let "A Correspondent" of the "Times" take heart then: even a "Barfleure" armed with twelve ink-pots may not turn out so formidable an adversary as, say, a midshipman. To speak candidly, we cannot help thinking the fee-fi-fo-fum business has been rather overdone lately, and if Sir Reginald Custance does not take care to dissociate himself from all connexion with it, he stands a very good chance of losing his reputation for being a level-headed, scientific thinker. Colomb and Mahan, those great leaders of naval thought, for whom Sir Reginald professes so much regard, would never have influenced opinion in such a profound degree had their reasoning shown any trace of prejudice.

Contrast the method of Admiral Colomb with that of his disciple, Admiral Custance. Admiral Colomb, in his preface to the third edition of "Naval Warfare":—"Perhaps my apologies are due to my friends and brother officers across the Atlantic for the extreme freedom of my criticisms . . . but I may be pardoned and excused if it is remembered that the scope of the book is scientific, and if in any cases it has fallen into personalities, it has by so much fallen short of its ideal."

Admiral Custance, in his introduction to "Naval Policy":—"The reader is to observe that the naval mind is divided into two schools, the Historical and the Matériel. The adherents of the one appeal for guidance to the great masters of the art of war by sea and land; they hold that it is very important to study tactics and strategy by the light of History; the disciples of the other do not believe the lessons of the past are applicable to the present; they have neglected the study of tactics and strategy, and have devoted their energies to the development of the matériel."

Now we have no hesitation in saying that when Sir Reginald wrote this he was not in a frame of mind to draw just conclusions, and history unless approached in the proper scientific spirit is better left severely alone, for a biased mind will certainly interpret it to fit in with preconceived ideas. Indeed there is more excuse for "Heresies of Sea Power" than we should have believed possible before this plea for a study of war by the light of history made an appearance, and we tender our apologies to Mr. Jane in case he thought us unkind some short time ago. Mr. Jane asked whether it is possible to read history aright; the answer to this question would seem to be: Absolute truth is unattainable, but it is an ideal to be aimed at; it all depends upon the student how near he can approach to it; if he has a case to prove, he ceases to be impartial, and his conclusions are therefore bound to lose in weight. As Sir Reginald has chosen to become an advocate, he must relinquish all pretence to be a teacher. The more we admire his advocacy, the more difficult it is to accept his judgment; the more we admire his judgment, the less easy it is to set any value on our own in accepting that judgment. To do him justice, he makes no attempt to hide the object he has in view; he starts to argue with the clearly avowed intention of drawing attention to the dangers likely to accrue "if the teachings of history are neglected and the doctrines of the matériel school accepted". But the postulate "that the naval mind is divided into two schools" is in itself fallacious. What authority is there for shutting up naval officers in water-tight compartments? All naval officers, be their instincts conservative or progressive, are united in agreeing on the necessity for a study of history and of tactics and strategy by the light of history; it is about the weight, not the admissibility, of the evidence that they

differ. If private judgment is to be given full play, and Admiral Custance is one of the strongest foes of infallibility, it will always be a more common thing to find persons in final agreement after arguing from different premises than to find the same persons arrive at identical conclusions when they have started to argue from the same premises.

Detailed criticism of the opinions held by Sir Reginald is quite out of the question, and we have consequently been driven to fall back on general remarks as to credibility. A study of history prompts a suggestion whether the ordeal might not be resuscitated with advantage to test the credibility of flag officers, for all idea of compurgation must be abandoned if they are given time to form "schools". Everything written by Admiral Custance is worth reading, and his book on Naval Policy is no exception; it is often suggestive, always interesting, and perhaps most interesting where it appears to us his conclusions are utterly unsound. No one can doubt he is thoroughly in earnest and honestly convinced of the need for historical research. Would it not have been better then to rename the book "An Indictment of the present Board of Admiralty", since once it is admitted to be "a plea for the study of war" by the light of history it becomes an effective weapon with which to deal a blow at the cause he has so much at heart?

ANOTHER RICHARD III.

"Richard III." By Sir Clements Markham. London: Smith, Elder. 1906. 10s. 6d. net.

THERE were six Richmonds in the field at Bosworth. There will soon be as many Richards in the field at the present day. Sir Clements Markham presents a fresh one. His is a celestial creature, very different from the Richard of tradition with his air of the lower regions, or from the merely terrestrial Richard of Mr. Gairdner. Richard III. died long ago, but even at this distance of time it is hard to resist a feeling of melancholy regret when you reflect on the host of virtues, graces and gifts that departed from this earth in his person. The author is not dallying with a paradox: he is an ardent advocate, a furious controversialist, and throws himself into the politics of the fifteenth century with a passion usually reserved for contemporary affairs.

Sir Clements Markham is not a professional historian, and that is some advantage in the writing of an entertaining book. His instinct has led him into the right period too. He has a zest for genealogies and heraldries and families of long descent, and antique titles and inherited honours and all the pomp of great nobility. He could not have chosen a better period than the Wars of the Roses, when the small circle of mighty nobles in whom was concentrated the innumerable honours and the accumulated wealth of centuries, each followed by his train of subordinate nobility and local chivalry, slaughtered each other to extermination. They had an incomparable aristocratic flourish. Could there be anything more lordly thundering than the style in which the two little Earls of Rutland and March address their father in a letter—"Right high and right mighty prince, our full redoubted and right noble lord and father"? A burst of trumpets would not be more effective. Sir Clements Markham appreciates all this. He smacks his lips when he recites the county families and territorial nobles whose representatives plunge into the political shambles. Besides, he has a vivid knowledge of English soil and country, and this is invaluable for a civil war. He can lay on touches of colour that the professional cannot get. He knows its woods and its valleys and its castles. He is frankly partial too: and again the jaded professional can envy him. Everything Lancastrian is good, and everything Yorkist is bad. The author is as robust and trenchant as a political leader-writer. He flays every Yorkist he can lay hands on. He also takes liberties with history in a way that only ladies and leader-writers dare. One is aghast to hear that the House of Commons has never been more powerful than in the fifteenth century!

Scrub as Sir Clements will, Richard III. remains blackish. Mr. Gairdner has scoured off all the dirt that

could come off: the rest is ingrained, his natural colour. The princes of that age did not hesitate to murder, and public opinion was lenient to them. But they murdered men and adversaries. They had scruples about children and innocents. Richard overcame these scruples, though otherwise he was probably a very superior kind of man. Contemporary opinion, tradition, and critical research are unanimous to condemn him: and one cannot help thinking that Sir Clements Markham has done little to shake them. His pleading, which occupies half, and the worse half, of the book is at times hardly even ingenious. Who murdered the young princes? Richard? Of course not. But somebody must have done it, for they both disappeared. The author denies even their disappearance. There is an entry in Rymer's "Fœdera", dated four months before Richard's death, which gives directions to deliver some clothes to the footman of the Lord Bastarde in the Tower. This, of course, proves they were alive then; and if alive then, they were alive at Richard's death; and if alive at Richard's death, guess who murdered them? Why, Henry VII., of course. It is as plain as a pikestaff.

Sometimes the chain of argument is really pitiable. That most fallacious method of writing history is adopted, that of treating official versions and transparent pretexts as actual facts. As is well known, to make the young princes illegitimate the fiction was raised that Edward IV. was already married when he married their mother. Sir Clements Markham treats this seriously, and also asks his readers to do so.

The author hugs his thesis and his hero; and this is a pity. There are evidently so many other things he could have done better. He often grows careless, and slovenly too, when he is not indulging in controversy. There ought to be no "base caitiffs" in history. Their place is the melodramatic stage. "So it was with many hundreds of other boys then as it is now; liking play better than work, but still learning." "It was a very beautiful England, but how utterly different from the England of the twentieth century!" These are remarks which should hardly be said, still less written or printed, though the offence is only one of carelessness.

NOVELS.

"The Glen o' Weeping." By Marjorie Bowen. London: Alston Rivers. 1907. 6s.

It is devoutly to be hoped that Miss Marjorie Bowen will never grow up. Her chief charm as a writer is her youth. She is so splendidly young. She has no sense of her own limitations. Barriers are for those that cannot fly, and Miss Bowen with her soaring exuberance seems blissfully unaware that such things exist. She has no fear. Exhibiting a total ignorance of technique, of the rudiments of her art, she contrives to emerge safely and successfully from all kinds of difficult situations. The fact is that Miss Bowen is a precocious young lady with a gift for story telling. It is easy to imagine her at school telling thrilling tales at bedtime to an enraptured audience in the dormitory. She is so genuinely interested herself, so wrapped up in her own narrative, that others cannot help being swept away by her emotion. And she gathers into her story all sorts of odd scraps of knowledge she has acquired, transforming them by her own glowing imagination. An incident in history strikes her fancy. She weaves a romance around it, and the result is an "historical novel" of the nature of "The Glen o' Weeping". It is all delightfully naive. Even the preface, where she poses prettily as a serious student of history and airs her views and theories of historical personages, could deceive no one into believing the author really grown-up. Thoroughly to enjoy Miss Bowen's thrilling romance it is necessary to surrender all one's preconceived ideas. One must enter into the spirit of the thing quite seriously and see with the author's eyes. Then there is entertainment enough in all truth. The author has all the schoolgirl's love of lurid incident and gorgeous detail. She is pitilessly cruel in her descriptions of unpleasant things, and spares her reader nothing in the way of horror. She exacts from her situations the utmost

they will yield of dramatic effect, and rushes her reader through a very maelstrom of seething passions. Women play a very considerable part in the story. They are inconceivably base and treacherous or superhumanly brave and loyal. We had almost forgotten to state that the story deals with the massacre of Glencoe. Miss Bowen is convinced that the generally accepted story of the massacre of Glencoe was an invention of Lord Stair's enemies and of the Jacobites. Her novel will not quite rehabilitate Lord Stair's reputation.

"The Message." By A. J. Dawson. London: Grant Richards. 1907. 6s.

Mr. Dawson is afire with patriotic purpose, but he is so didactic as to be at times dull. The central figure of his story is one of those odd people who feel a sort of personal pique at the greatness of the British Empire, and earns his living as a Little Englander journalist of the most violent type. But he is, like the rest of the nation, converted to patriotism by a German invasion. We are caught unprepared, crushed, and compelled to admit a large German garrison until a huge indemnity is paid off. But then the country is roused by the preaching of two Canadian clergymen to a new moral earnestness, a kind of Christian Bushido, and we rise in our might. Considering that the Germans, whatever their faults may be, do not neglect the study of their own history, it strikes us as improbable that a German garrison of 300,000 men would allow an almost exact replica of the Tugendbund, which did so much to free Germany from Napoleon, to arise unchecked under its nose and develop into a well-prepared national army. Mr. Dawson does well to emphasise and condemn the selfish individualism which prevents Englishmen from making personal sacrifices for national efficiency, and possibly the slight framework of romance may bring his message to the ears of people who do not read serious books when labelled as such.

"Behold the Days Come." By James Adderley. London: Methuen. 1907. 3s. 6d.

Mr. Adderley writes from the standpoint of the Christian Socialist. He has such a winning personality and writes with such genuine enthusiasm and conviction that we forgive him his flippancies and occasional lapses from good taste. He aims at disarming criticism by dubbing his book "a tract". But he is unnecessarily apologetic. "Behold the Days Come" is no more a tract than any other novel with a purpose whose interest depends upon ideas. To Mr. Adderley the Church appears the only adequate organisation for carrying out the dreams of Socialism. He goes further; he identifies Christianity and Socialism. Secularism and Socialism have in reality nothing in common, but Christianity rightly understood is Socialism. It is only when people practise the self-denying precepts of Christianity that human nature will be sufficiently mellowed to render the dreams of the Socialists practicable and possible. Mr. Adderley is essentially practical. He seems to advocate the united action of Church and Socialism on the grounds of mutual self-help. The Church is to assist Socialism in the capture of property at large, and in return is to be allowed to retain her own possessions. Round these ideas Mr. Adderley has woven an entertaining story. The puppets who are put up to expound them do not matter very much. They are sketched—mainly from life we should imagine—with broad, vigorous strokes, and not without humour.

"The Flare of the Footlights." By Horace Wyndham. London: Grant Richards. 1907. 6s.

Here for once a novel is adequately described by its title. Mr. Wyndham's story is not remarkably interesting, but he gives what appears to be a faithful picture of the life of actors. He does not indulge in descriptions of the amazing immorality which some people imagine to be associated with the stage, and yet does not tone down the sordid side of the existence of those who cater for our amusements. He reminds us at times of more accomplished writers: his beautiful but unscrupulous actress-manager, for instance, is not a very original conception. His hero, taking to the stage

chiefly for his own entertainment, is compelled by the loss of his fortune to depend for a subsistence on his talents, and finds an actor's life a rather different matter when absolutely committed to it. The plot—a matter of jealousies and misunderstandings—is commonplace.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"A Short History of Wales." By Owen M. Edwards. London: Unwin. 1906. 2s. net.

This little book is intended for those who have never read any Welsh history, and it sets out the main facts of the little known history of the Principality in a simple but interesting manner. Those who have read the author's longer book on the same subject in the "History of the Nations" series will observe that though he has not been quite unaffected by the criticisms on that work his main ideas on the past and present of Wales are unchanged. His attitude is still that of the North Walian. So Griffith ap Conan is one of his heroes, because he founded a strong Principality in Gwynedd. Not a word is said of his treacherous abandonment of the cause of Welsh freedom in the south, of his attempted betrayal of his son-in-law Griffith ap Rees, or of his desertion of his daughter Gwenllian of the golden hair, when she led the men of Deheubarth to the battle with the Marcher Lords at Kidwelly. Mr. Edwards' chief hero is still Llywelyn the Great; but he hardly shows that that Prince's policy in any way really differed from that of his less fortunate grandson Llywelyn ap Griffith. The difference alike in the policy and fate of these two princes is, we think, explained by the simple fact that Llywelyn the Great had only to face the cowardice of John and the incapacity of Henry III., while Llywelyn ap Griffith was confronted with the bravery and tenacity of an Edward I. with a united England at his back. When the author tells us that Llywelyn the Great's wars were not wars of devastation he is correct so far as Wales proper is concerned; but in the Shropshire Marches the prince's forays were as terrible as those of Glyndwr in a later day. Coming to more modern times, Mr. Edwards gives us a brilliant account of the Tudor epoch in Wales; but when he speaks of the Jesuit attempts to check the Reformation in Wales, it should be remembered that by far the ablest opponents of Protestantism in the Principality were not Jesuits, but Benedictines. It is shocking to find 20 January, 1649, given as the date of Charles I.'s martyrdom. It is misleading to describe the "Luther of Wales", Howel Harris, as a peasant. He was the son of a substantial farmer and his wife had a considerable fortune. Mr. Edwards carries his narrative to the date of the foundation of the Welsh University in 1894, and says a good deal about modern political and educational questions. Welsh M.P.s will hardly thank him for telling the public that the political effects of the enfranchisement of the Welsh democracy have (so far as legislation goes) been small. Despite such trifling blemishes the book is excellent and deserves to be used in every school in the Principality, and English folk of all ages who take any interest in Wales may read it with profit.

"Thoughts and Things." By James Mark Baldwin. Vol. I. London: Sonnenschein. 1906. 10s. 6d. net.

Dr. Baldwin had wished to call this instalment of his latest work "Genetic Logic", but the publishers, he tells us, demurred. He does not stickle for the name "logic", and admits that his subject has no connexion whatever with "logician's logic". The English intellect is très inconsequent, and imagines that statements of truth enjoy a limited liability; but this illogicality of which we are so proud is neither encouraged nor reproved by Dr. Baldwin. His is "an inductive, psychological, genetic research into the actual movement of the function of knowledge". His "knower's logic" is therefore concerned empirically with things, whereas what is ordinarily called logic is concerned only with thoughts, and not with thoughts as true or false, but only with thoughts as inferentially grounded and rationally connected. Dr. Baldwin's problem is "the physiology and comparative morphology of knowledge". He is an epistemologist. On the other hand genetic science, as he expounds it, starts from a postulate which is really that of "formal logic"—viz. the denial of an atomistic basis of truth. The equational doctrine which makes the import of the proposition to be $A=B$, and reasoning to be merely $A=B=C$, therefore $A=C$, regards all facts, or terms, as equal, free and independent; so that the predicate of any judgment adds nothing to the subject, but is convertible with it and merely a repetition of it in another form of words. On the contrary, human thought is necessarily conceptual, the bringing of objects under higher concepts, and so enriching our knowledge of them. All science is based on the principle of subordination, and understands the individual only in the light of the universal. The psychic process is thus genetic—a becoming—and it is not true that in an effect there can be nothing that was not already in the cause. We confess that Dr. Baldwin's development of this thesis is not easy reading.

He knows a great many hard words, and what is meant by heteronomic stay-putness or the con-aggregate of syndoxic knowledges does not leap at once to everyone's understanding. Seriously, we protest against the German and American tendency to turn divine philosophy into a jargon comprehensible only to an inner ring. Our old philosophers—Berkeley, for example—employed a lucid, elegant and nervous English which certainly was not an evidence of shallow thinking.

"The Frescoes in the Chapel at Eton College." Facsimiles of the Drawings by R. H. Essex, with Explanatory Notes by M. R. James, Provost of King's College, Cambridge. Eton College: Spottiswoode and Co. 1907. 7s. 6d. 250 copies.

This is a very curious and interesting little book, and deals with a picturesque archaeological romance. When the Chapel of Eton was completed in 1480 or thereabouts, the blank walls above the choir-stalls and below the windows were decorated with an elaborate series of frescoes by an English artist, William Baker by name. These consisted of single figures of saints and angels, with scenes from the Life of the Virgin and the Legend of the Empress. Some of the most curious represent incidents of a disastrous character befalling persons guilty of wilful irreverence towards the shrines and images of the Blessed Virgin. These paintings were whitewashed out in 1560 as profane imagery, and when the chapel was fitted in the early eighteenth century with Georgian woodwork, the figures were concealed behind the panelling of the stalls. When these were ruthlessly removed in 1847, and modern Gothic woodwork substituted, the paintings were discovered beneath the whitewash; but so little was thought of them that a number of them were scraped off the walls by order of the clerk of the works, and if it had not been for the accidental visit of a Fellow of the College to the chapel during the work of destruction, they would have been entirely destroyed. The Prince Consort interested himself in the matter, but asked in vain that sliding panels might be contrived so that the paintings might be made visible. Provost Hodgson, a sturdy Protestant, insisted on their being covered up again, and only a small portion of the paintings can be seen among the canopies of the stalls on the south side, close to the western screen. Mr. Essex, the artist, made careful drawings of them, and the present volume is a reproduction of his sketches. The Provost of King's has added explanatory and descriptive notes, and has been enabled to conjecture what the missing

(Continued on page 660.)

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scenes and figures probably were; it is hardly necessary to say that Dr. James has done his work to perfection. Moreover the reproductions show that the frescoes are not only archæologically interesting, but of real artistic beauty. The composition and grouping of the scenes are original and striking. The volume, in fact, is a brilliant presentment of what is a remarkable episode, both in the history of archæological discovery, and in the development of English pictorial art.

"Charles Baudelaire. Etude biographique d'Engène Crépét, revue et mise à jour par Jacques Crépét, suivie des Baudelairiana d'Asselineau." Paris: A. Messein. 1907. 7.50 fr.

Books on Baudelaire are following one another in France as rapidly as books on Blake in England. Is it, in both cases, a change of fashion or an apology? Certainly in both cases it is only to be commended, and it is with pleasure that we already chronicle a successor to the collection of Baudelaire's letters which was lately dealt with in these pages. The present volume is not less valuable. Everyone knows the big volume of "Œuvres Posthumes", in which not the least valuable part is the biographical study by Eugène Crépét. It was published in 1887 and has long since gone out of print. M. Crépét's son has now reprinted this biographical study, with copious additions, corrections, and supplementary footnotes, which add greatly to its value, and he has added to it the full text of those notes on Baudelaire which Asselineau wrote immediately after Baudelaire's death, but only printed in a modified, less personal, and much less interesting form in the book which he brought out in 1869. These are followed by a large number of letters addressed to Baudelaire by Manet, Méryon, Delacroix, Hugo, Sainte-Beuve, Flaubert, Leconte de Lisle, Villiers de l'Isle-Adam, Wagner, and others—many of them of great interest. Other letters and documents are collected, including an account by M. Charles Lemonnier of a lecture on Gautier given by Baudelaire in Brussels. No one wishful to know the real facts, rather than the self-spun "legend", of the life of Baudelaire can afford to neglect this volume, which is a model of editorial devotion, in which enthusiasm and entire frankness go together. The editor's desire, he tells us, is "détruire, jusqu'en ses fondements, cette légende meurtrière", and he sets himself to the work by publishing in full every document which has come into his possession, with none of the polite curtailments customary to biographers. It is to be wished that such unhesitating honesty were more often to be found among those who set out to tell us the truth about the past.

"Imperial Outposts." By Colonel A. M. Murray, with a Preface by Earl Roberts. London: Murray. 1907. 12s. net.

Colonel Murray makes a strategical and commercial survey of imperial outposts with a special eye to the obligations of the Japanese alliance. His book is the result of a journey to the Mediterranean, Aden, Hong Kong and other British fortified stations, as well as to Japan and Canada. It is based on first-hand information which should be useful to all who wish to make a study of the conditions in which the Empire would find itself on the outbreak of a great war. When Colonel Murray wants to express an opinion, as a rule he gives that of an expert whose views he has had the advantage of obtaining direct. There is much, no doubt, that he cannot put into print, but the book will materially assist the study and closer knowledge of the Empire from Malta round the world to Halifax. Its political importance, whether as affecting the Japanese alliance or imperial relations, is second only to its naval and military value. It is an appeal for co-operation and reciprocity—"reciprocity in commerce and defence will do more than anything else towards that political consolidation which is necessary for the high purposes of our world-wide dominion. The dust of a belated creed of political economy must not blind our eyes to the demands of imperial citizenship."

"A Royal Tragedy, being the Story of the Assassination of King Alexander and Queen Draga of Servia." By Chedomille Mijatovich. London: Nash. 1906. 7s. 6d.

We fear that this nine hundred and ninety-ninth narrative of the Servian murders will not commend itself either to the apologists or abhorers of regicide. The writer is frankly a partisan of King Milan, one of the most abject failures in history, and exhibits a posthumous jealousy. Little of importance is added to our knowledge of the crime and its origin, and that little lacks confirmation. The writer, being an ardent Austrophile, makes charges of complicity against Russia, but they would be more convincing if fortified by stronger evidence. Nor is he generous in his estimate of King Alexander. While admitting good intentions and kingly virtues, his personal prejudices run as an undercurrent throughout the book. But its chief defect lies in the excessive intrusion of the author's personality. We have his portrait on the frontispiece, glittering with decorations, and the whole narrative is complicated by his superstitions about witches, fortune-tellers, and childish omens, and with much unnecessary information about his own acts, thoughts, acquaintances and idle observations.

For this Week's Books see page 662.

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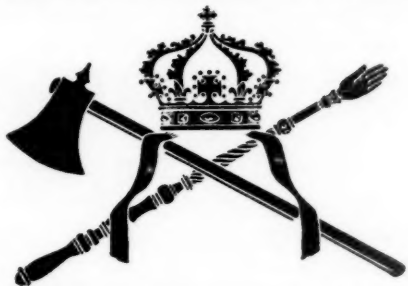
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